

- MARTING AND THE PARTY OF THE

Morning Star 2010-2011

North Scott Senior High School

Fine Arts Anthology

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Sixteen years Of laughs and tears.

-Taylor Gehrls

Conscience

By: Austin Stone

While you go on living your life,
I guide you.
When you look in the mirror,
I'm with you.
When you struggle through tough times,
I'll help you.
When you feel guilty,
I hurt you.
When you make a decision,
I argue with you.
When life ends,
I live on without you.
While you go on living your life,
I will be the one to guide you.



Faith

Faith can't escape the case of a coffin
In the shadow of death they pray for the light to shine true

Before they close their eyes Searching the dark corners of their minds.

Sell their lives for a price wasted. Why is it that they feel cheated, lost, and traded?

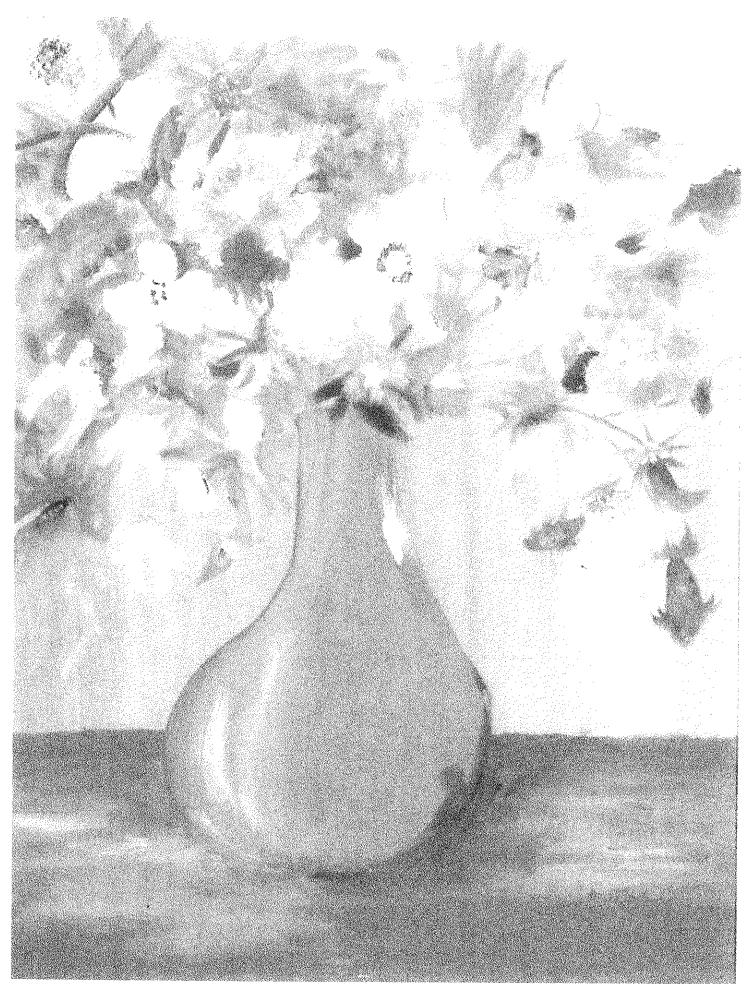
They would tell them bedtime stories About our heaven's glories,

But tonight they lay alone Waiting for the morning light to be shown.

Where have you been hiding While the whole world is crying?

We watched the whole world burn for their crimes. Soon enough they will see the lies in these dying times

Crying to their cross
While they count their capital loss.



Emma Hubner

Two Sisters

Lance Deitrick

Two sisters,
Standing together,
Side by side they watch the big apple,
As the children sing,
"...God bless America, My home sweet home"

One sister hit Real or illusion, Hit by a plane, The other stands in confusion,

The other sister now,
Screams are heard,
Others stunned by horror,
The justice of this is so obscured,

Two sisters,
Standing together,
Sidy by side they choke the big apple,
"...Ashes, Ashes, We all fall down"



Forgive

Come here and talk to me; not on your side of the yard, my side of the yard; listen to me, because I have something important to tell you—whether you want to hear it or not—about how you should behave. What is it neighbor? Never come into my yard unless I invite you; if you are in my yard do not step on my: lilies, roses, daisies, or tulips; when I ask you to come over, converse to me in a polite tone; speak loud enough so that I may hear you, but not so loud that it disturbs our neighborhood; this is how to speak to me correctly; this is how to talk to someone and listen to them; look at me if you want me to listen to you; do not text while I am having a conversation with you; this is how to pay attention to someone who is always complaining; you must not complain—it makes you seem rude; when others complain, forgive them; stand up straight, and show respect; respect me, because I am old and wise; do not say things just because others do: always do what you think is right (even though that does not mean that you are always right) even when others say you are wrong; forgive the people who will never accept you; make friends with kind people, and do not agitate the mean people; this is how to be kind to people who do not care; this is how to forgive the cruel people; this is how to excuse your siblings when they are pestering you; try not to step away from your faith; this is how to accept other peoples' faith; care for people who will never care for you; keep standards; make use of your common sense; do not change yourself into something you do not want to become. Why are you telling me all this anyway? I am telling you this because I wish someone was there to tell me this advice so I would not have made so many mistakes. Do not ruin your life by giving in, like I did; forgive people you thought you would forgive, but never did; forgive people you thought you would never forgive, because I didn't; always forgive, and do not be like me.

Lived Life, Couldn't be Happier,



- Why

The Story of My Life

I am hardheaded and passionate

I wonder about my future

I hear voices motivating my choices

I see a world changing around me

I want to live with no regrets

I am hardheaded and passionate

I pretend I am strong and fearless
I feel for those less fortunate than I
I touch the hearts of others
I worry about those judging me
I cry out to those who will listen
I am hardheaded and passionate

I understand I cannot change the past

I say I am in control of my life

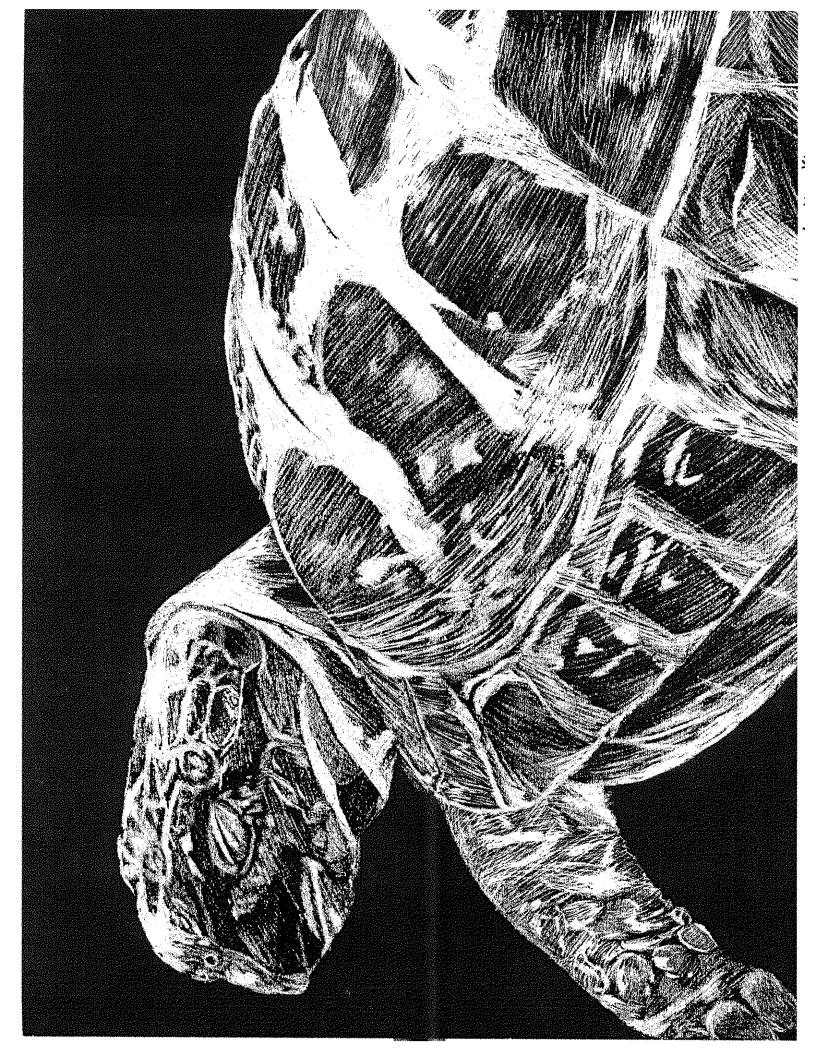
I dream about my life and future goals

I try to live life to the fullest

I hope my dreams will become a reality

I am hardheaded and passionate

By: Kelsey Kaasa



Clumsy Pedestrian, Graceful Dancer, Single Person.

TSUNAMI

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R
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L
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G
55 foot black wall;
Killer to all,
Screams, fear, pain;
People running
Stretching towards the world below them,
Cold mist sweeps the land
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$$\begin{array}{ccc} S & & C \\ W & & R \\ I & & A \\ S & & S \\ H & & H \end{array}$$

Downtown like Atlantis; GONE! 159 ... DEAD!
One disaster ruins many ...
Lives ... Memories,
Water flows back to place
Leaving disaster:
Great harbor waves:

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T
S
U
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A
M
I
April fools Hilo, Hawaii
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-Kaitlyn Brown

"I hear the Trumpets Sound and I know that He is coming"

When the light is bright at dusk
And the days shall be empty without faith
If hopes were faded, sins may be forgiven
Our souls thirst for forgiveness
Wait for redemption that will come in the future

Did the ones I hate, restore? A felon that tracks down his own crime

You must never trust nor cross temptation The compelling illumination I live in dismay of

I haven't seen the end for a long while

The warmth beats down on fresh flowers that bloom With love surrounding us we are pleasant as flowers Life is joyful and beautiful My king forgives when people do wrong

Sin is unconscious
A person's hoarding selfishness
Of sin's luster and redemption's grasp—what do I know?
His body has been selfishly hung on the cross

Few are above sin



The New Generation

We've found our voice, We've found our vent, No one can stop us now!

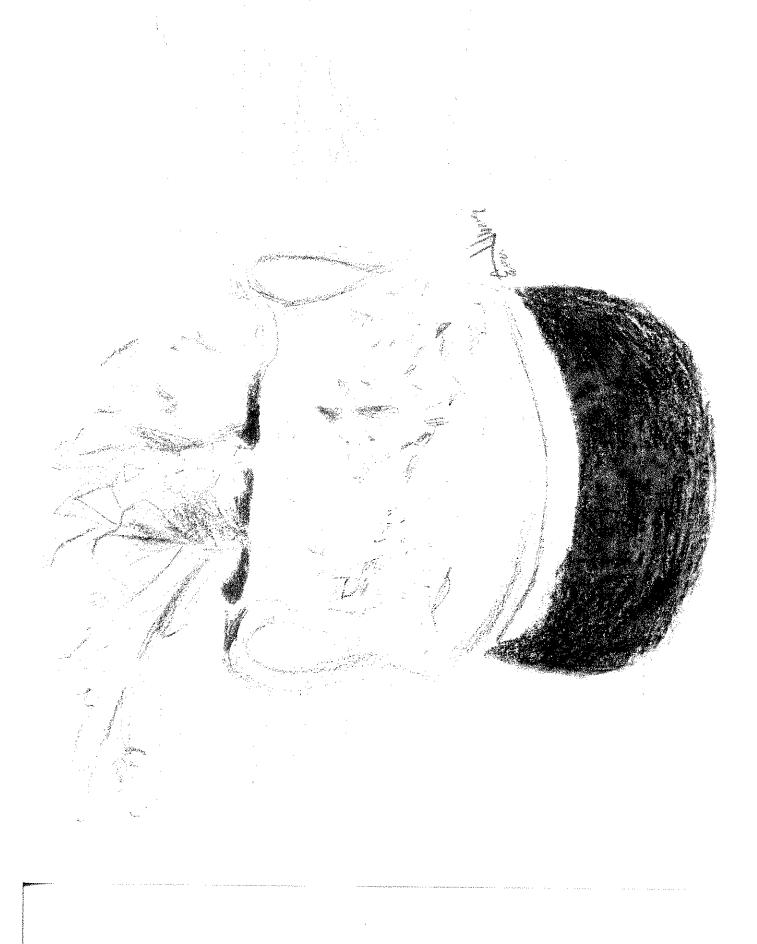
Try all you want,
Keep pushing us down,
We'll get right back up
And sing and shout.
No one can stop us now!

You bash our views
And call us wrong,
But we don't get it,
It's what we want.
No one can stop us now!

You condemn our lives,
Say that we sin,
But our souls still scream
You cannot win.
No once can stop us now!

We've found our voice, We've found our vent, No one can stop us now!

Will Aden



Magnificent Marble

A solemn feeling fills the air in the cavernous Basilica where the white marble Pieta looms before me behind a protective pane of glass

Such a beautiful and touching piece of art, For some it holds deep religious meaning, While others simply see love

It makes me want to cry
For I have never known what it conveys

It's breathtaking—every detail is perfectly captured by the artist so that it seems real:

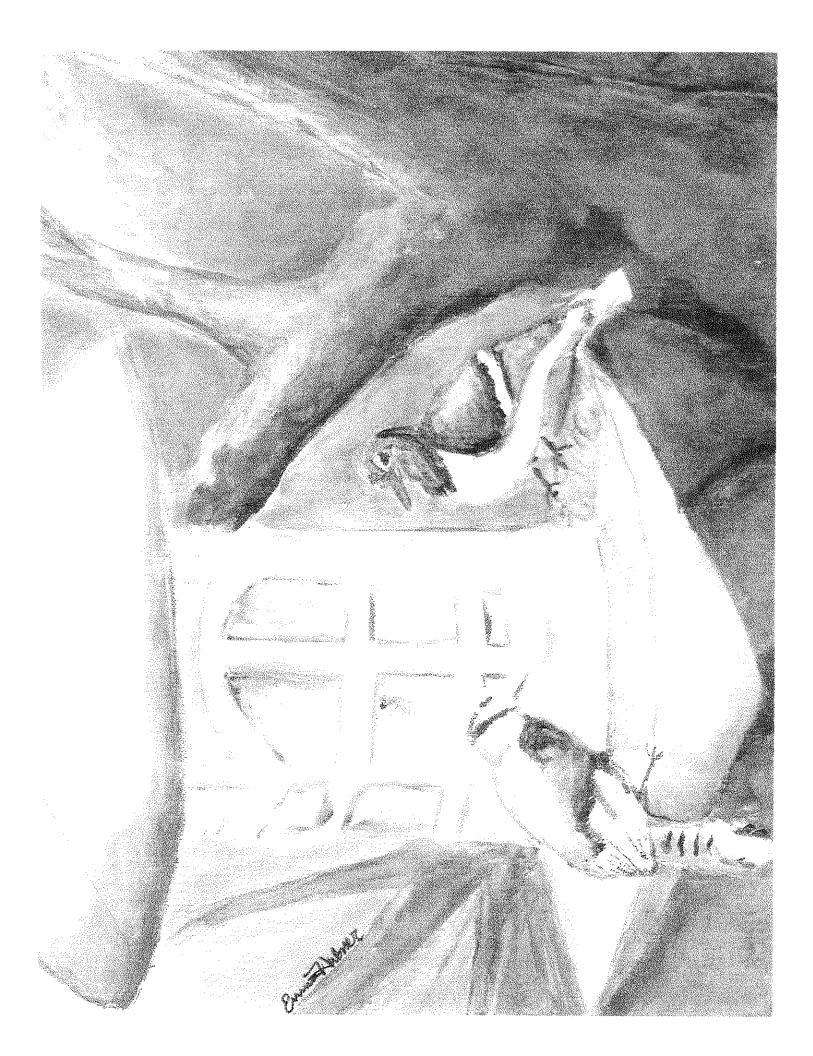
The Virgin mother's angelic face, gentle and sorrowful as she cradles her son,

Jesus Christ;

Her cloak billowing,

Billowing, yet never moving;

An unseen and unshed tear quivering in the corner of her eye Forever frozen in time, never to be forgotten.



Tired, But too scared to sleep.

By: Jacob Haan

CHAIN LINK BARRIER

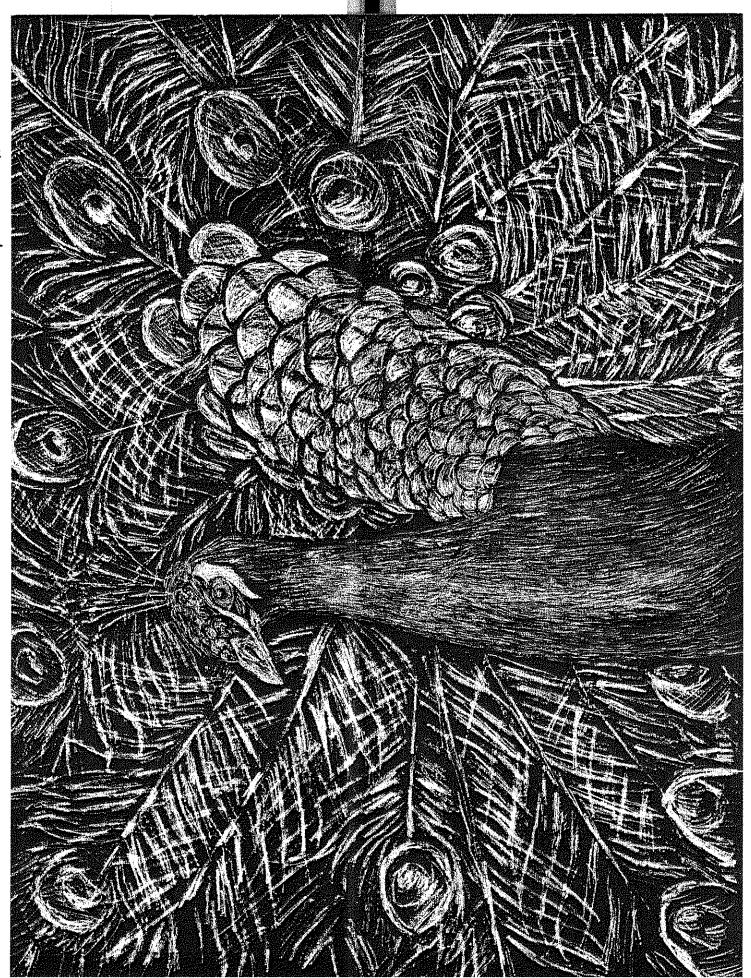
By: Sarah Riedel

The air is cool, damp, and chilly
Enough for a beat-up jacket
That blends with the gritty fence and city.

Scars and bruises prove, Life is real. It's hard. Not pretty.

They mar the hands upon the fence, The hands holding tight, Clutching. Gripping. Much too tense.

Because they
Are chained away and forced to stay
From a reality so close,
But so,
So unattainably
Far away.



Yes, I understand that you do not value my opinion, but why should I value yours?; is it simply your height? should I respect you solely because you can reach the top shelf? maybe you should respect me because I can see under the table where you have dropped your glasses (those glasses that you need to get through your day); if your friend Joe had found those glasses, you certainly would not pat him on the head and pass it off as dumb luck; I accomplished the same task, but my age makes it impossible for you to believe that I actually connected two thoughts and wasn't just looking for something to chew on; maybe you should chew on your vegetables and let Daddy finish his dinner in peace; if these vegetables help me so much, why don't you eat any? maybe it can help you feel young again, you always talk about wanting that; why is that? I always want to be old; well maybe it's not that I want to be old, but that I want the respect; can I have that respect now, when I'm young? you have to earn respect; so you can only earn respect by getting older?; why would you want to be young again, then?; maybe you don't want the respect, or maybe it's the responsibility; I can handle all the responsibility you throw at me, thank you very much; calm down, Daddy, maybe you shouldn't take yourself so seriously; if you want to be young, try that; trust me, no one takes you seriously when you are young; I wish you could trade respect for age a little more easily; there are no exchange rates for respect, I already told you, you have to earn it; that's another thing, you talk about this earning stuff a lot; what is so important about those pieces of paper in your wallet?; it's how the world works, it's what is valued; so you're telling me that those flimsy little things—the ones that fall to pieces easier than a Jenga tower—are more important to you than my opinion? What are you talking about? well, you value those green things but you sure don't value my opinion; the only thing we've agreed on is that we both want respect; we must value it then, right?; so why isn't respect the "money" of the world?

There's Truth Beyond my Dreams

María Leik

I am a dreamer and a visionary.

I wonder about the future and what it has to offer.

I hear the opinions of people around, influencing me and telling me that my dreams will never come true.

I see the future for what I want it to be and not what others around me think it should be.

I want all my dreams to become reality.

I am a dreamer and a visionary.

I pretend my dreams are actuality; that every bit of them will come true.

I feel as though my dreams create their own part of me; a part of me within that no one else sees.

I touch others hearts through what my dreams have become.

I worry that I will let myself and others down by never fully accomplishing my dreams.

I cry when I am unable to fulfill my deepest desires I dream of every night.

I am a dreamer and a visionary.

I understand not all dreams are plausible.

I say, "I believe all my dreams will come true!" When in truth, I know the chances are slim.

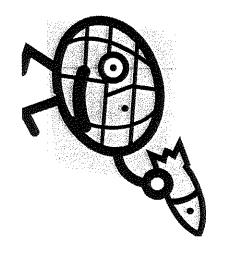
I dream to become something more; someone people will look up too. I try my absolute hardest to accomplish the tasks that I have always dreamt of achieving.

I hope that my dreams, real or not, will remain a part of me forever. I am a dreamer and a visionary.

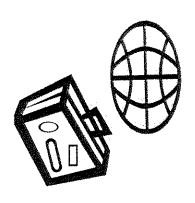
YOU make them come true.

Advice to the New Actor Anthony Curlott

Welcome to the best group of people you'll ever meet; Now we have a very strict guideline: BE YOURSELF; I'm scared what other people will think of me; Because true friends-the ones you'll meet in theatre won't judge you for being who you really are; We are the people who will help you when you are having the worst day in your life; We are the people who will talk on the phone for hours on end to help make your day better; We accept you and we have a fun time in the process; Now auditions—one of the most nerve-wracking aspects in theatre, but it doesn't have to be; But what if I don't know where to start looking for my audition materials?; If you need help finding a piece to audition with then you should start out by talking to the director of the play or musical, they will be the person that will put you on the right track for finding an example of what you could perform for an audition; Once you get the piece that you will be auditioning with, then there are some steps to be ready for the actual audition; Be prepared, practice before the audition, and do the best you can; It's ok if you're nervous; If you aren't nervous then we are really worried about you; When you're nervous and if you possibly mess up it's ok, all of us actors (with some experience behind us) have been there before, we won't judge you, just continue with your audition like nothing ever happened; Make sure you know when the cast listing gets posted, and be ready to not see your name on the list: It's OK if you're not cast; (I would be lying if I said not being cast doesn't suck); If you're not cast the world and your acting career will not end; If you are cast be ready to work your tail off; Be ready to listen to your director when learning blocking; Make sure you practice your part outside of rehearsal; Create your character—become the person you are playing on the stage; Memorize your lines before you're supposed to be off book, not to impress your director, but to prepare yourself for opening night; Opening night, one of the biggest legal adrenaline kickers; Being on the stage with a live audience sure makes the blood run thick in your veins; You are finally allowed to show your hard work that you've been perfecting over the many hours of rehearsal and nights of tiredness and hunger; Give the audience your best performance; Perform like it's the last one you'll ever do; And don't forget, Break a Leg!



Travel in a Puzzled Circle



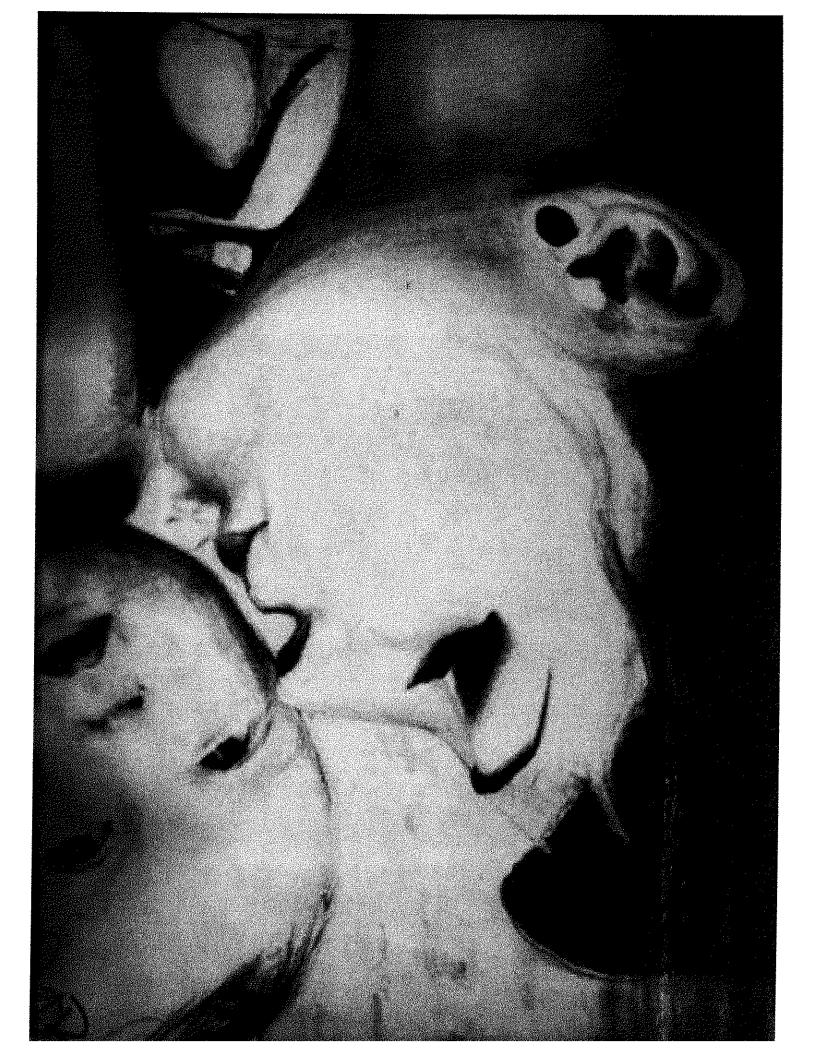
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Morning I start thinking Laughed when I lifted my head Looked the blackbird in the eye Through the harbor bar She thinks she is ready

Plunged into the shower Cried when I came out Remembered the memories that I have About the child I have My learning shadow swept

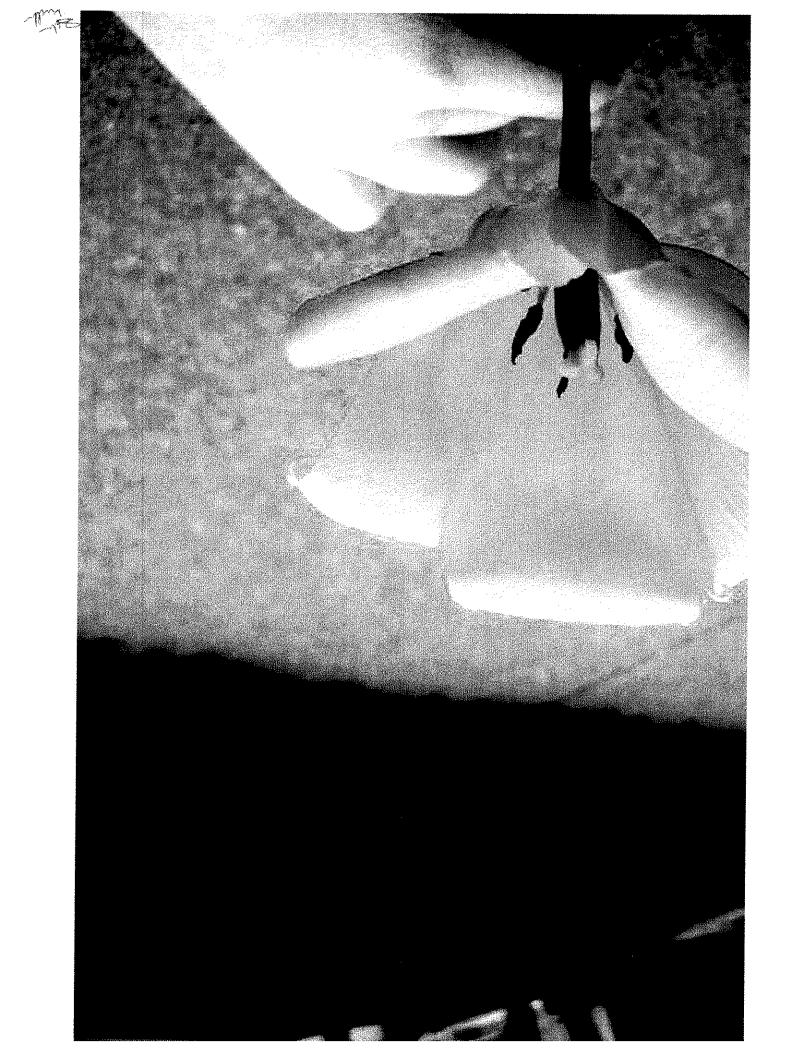
My hand is ready when I sat The child's life was explained to me Tried to travel to her, but couldn't There is always a place in my heart for my daughter I gave her my love

By: Adrianne Green



Justice: For All Or For Aone

And an end to the eternal conflict of mankind Peace for the world The sole thing that gives one the will to live A single hope in a world without it There is only one remedy to their never ending pain But first the war burdened citizens will find When tolerance takes over and saves the day The war can only end in one way For liberty and then justice for all humans on Earth Destroying madness as it stands One day it is to become a dawn Aithough our senseless war shall never cease Will stand one day more to battle once again The soldier of this patriotic land The dawn is coming, ready to fight again But all need fear not, if the night is black That which is clouded by living in a world of perpetual darkness Does not every human have his God given right Whilst shells else where die slowly as well So they cower in fear of everyday war To go back now would mean the end **Burned too many bridges** The new land has caused too much destruction of those humans dying from an even worse plague Who are they to live so unaware While people around the world suffer in even worse shame Only a shell of what the founding fathers set out to find remains The years have eaten the country of limitless potential alive Poverty, homelessness, and debts impossible to pay No justice for all No peace for a common citizen Shrouded in chaos our strong morals are But corruption and greed darkens our path A land of freedom where the people rule strong For what they sought so desperately The principles founded to a country willing to rebel Form justice and peace



Confessions of a Packer Fanatic

Michael Hackbarth

I am a devoted football fan and a cheesehead.

I wonder how Aaron Rodgers will perform at the next game.

I see the green and gold Packer nation.

I want to see Green Bay in next year's playoffs.

I want a devoted football fan and a cheesehead.

I pretend to be a player performing the Lambeau Leap.

I feel the cold of the frozen tundra.

I touch the gold cheesehead that I am wearing.

I worry that the defense might not pull through on the next play.

I cry when the Packers lose substantially, but that rarely happens!

I cry when the Packers lose substantially, but that rarely happens!

I understand why the Packers organization let Brett Favre go.

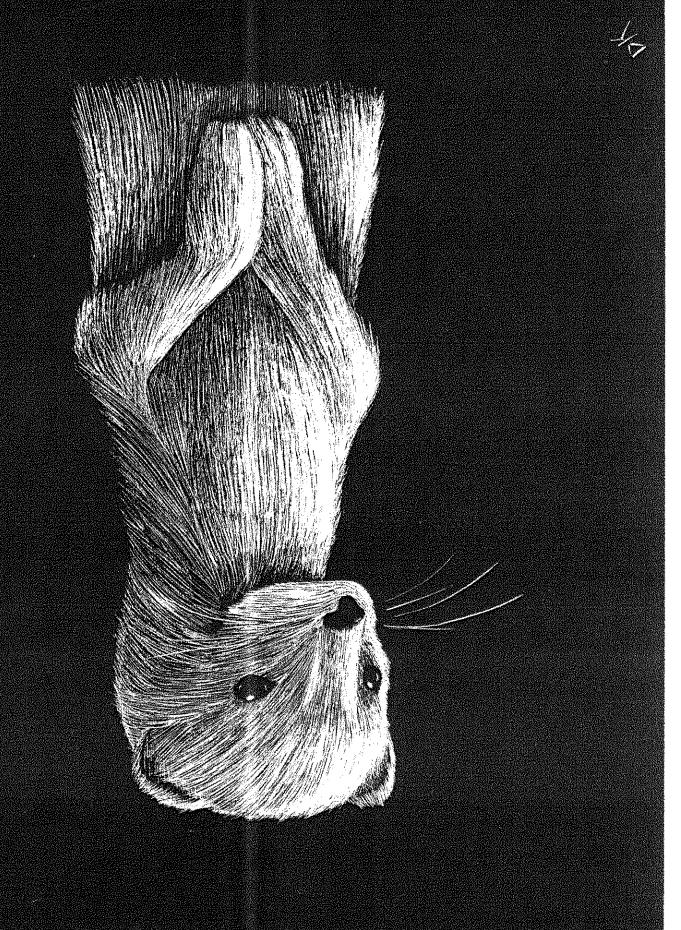
I say "Go Pack Go" after a touchdown.

I dream of many Super Bowl wins.

I try to ignore the pain of an overtime loss.

I hope they can win and go to the playoffs every year.

I am a devoted football fan and a cheesehead.



The Secret Lives of Women Alcholohics



Hiding
Sneaking, drinking
Beyond the frozen peas
The taste of clear bubbling fizz

The
Secret way
Untold, expected innocence
Changed by a single drop of wine

Hiding
Sneaking, drinking
The denial of woman
Drinkers fill the air with doubt

By: Breann Banks

I'm not lazy, I'm pacing myself.

Welcome To My Silly Life

By: Tabby Roberts

I am strong-willed and proud.

I wonder why things happen the way they do.

I hear rumors and lies . . . constantly.

I see wrong-doers being praised and saints being wronged.

I want to change the world.

I am strong-willed and proud.

I pretend as if things don't bother me.

I feel like I shouldn't have to.

I touch lives in m future.

I worry that people will never change.

I cry because of the stupid things I've done.

I am strong willed and proud.

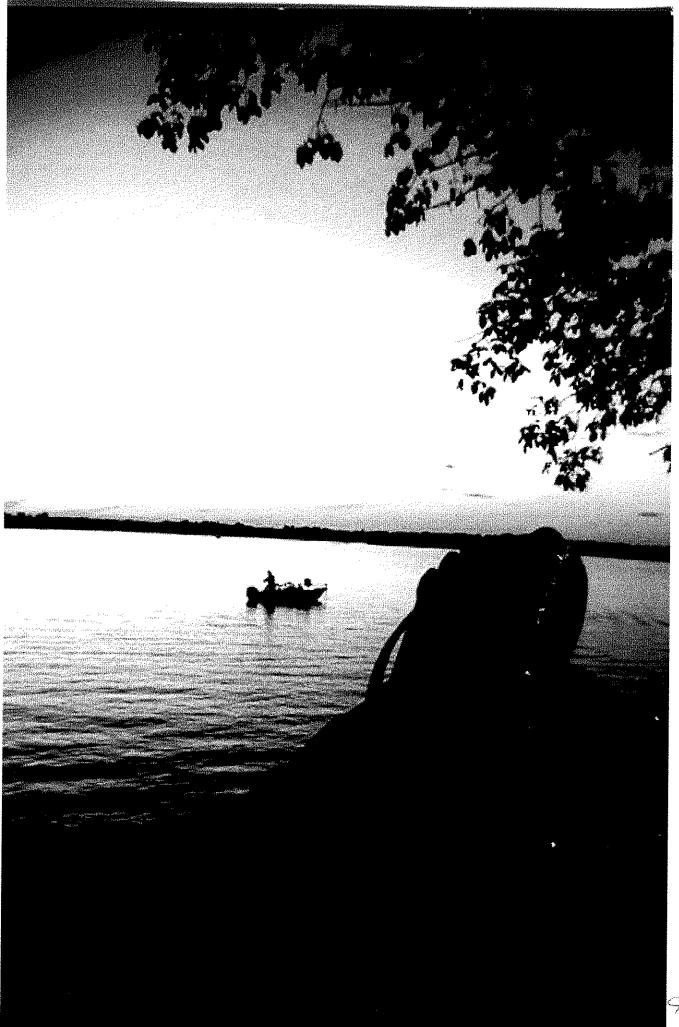
I understand that I'm just one person.

I say to never give up life.

I dream of a day that is painless.

I hope that I will amount to something great.

I am strong willed and proud.



Till

SOLD

It was not a choice.

It might seem that I solemnly surrendered.

The barred windows, the aggressive men.

They might have hidden their intentions to steal

My decisions.

My future.

It bound me into servitude.

The chanting of their voices proclaiming

They had paid good money for

My body.

My body.

It was not a choice.

It is difficult to find hope,
It is difficult to find comfort,
It is difficult to live,
When my life is already sold.

It was not my choice.

Cierra Klatt



A Crisp Affair

By: Sam Morrison

Outlined in red, Alluded with black, Darkness flies down the road. It's tales to come back?

Protected by sorrow.
Guarded by doubt.
The flowers lose their blossoms,
No more chances to sprout.

Hidden under secrecy.
Regarded to by care.
Only time stands between us,
A most crisp and unpleasant affair.



Her silent Destiny was crooning And dancing in His footsteps of grieving darkness.

> He hates Her for Her false love, But She was daring and severe in thought.

> > The storm that steals dreams in the night; Cutting deep into the wound where She lay.

She thought of the midnight storm, A dark spell, captured,

Raining down on these Silver Stars
Of the blue blood that's gifted to galaxies.

The black gown flew down from above. It scorched, as She watched it drop and never land.

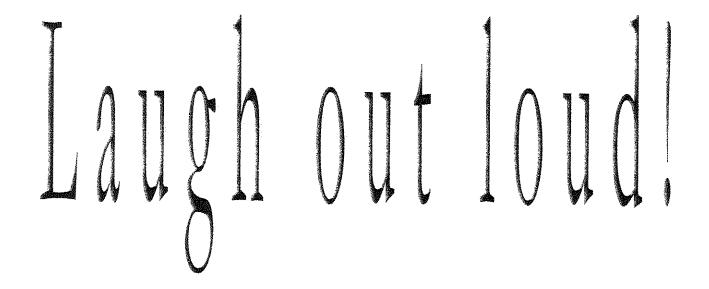
Falling into dignified love
And breaking the men's golden hearts.

Those humans are dark spirits. Their black wind; a struggle.

> He is near, yet long gone Of disaster, She thought, a devil's love



Trip and fall...





By: Katie Swoboda

"Hippos and Such"

I am a hungry, hungry hippo and I appreciate nature I wonder what I will be doing day to day i hear my elder spirits calling me I see beautiful creatures drinking from a tranquil pond. I want compassion from anti-environmentalists I am a hungry, hungry hippo and I appreciate nature I pretend to be a wizard I feel hungry for knowledge I touch the warm bark of an oak I worry about deforestation I cry when I watch Homeward Bound I am a hungry, hungry hippo and I appreciate nature I understand the language of the animals I say "hello" in hipponese I dream of painting with the colors of the wind I try to morph into animals I hope to quench my eternal hippo hunger I am a hungry, hungry hippo and I appreciate nature

Nick Lewis

Sold my Soul for Blues CDs

Kevin Knoer

"Who I Am" Charles Kane

I am an editor and eager
I wonder why I like what I do so much if it is tedious
I hear my works are fun
I see screw ups where others do not
I want to learn more techniques and styles
I am an editor and eager

I pretend that I don't try hard
I feel good about what I do
I touch the keyboard and mouse with my ideas
I worry that I will forget how to edit
I cry with laughter when I shoot these short films
I and an editor and eager

I understand that there is much more to learn
I say I will be the best
I dream that I will make it to the next level
I try so hard at every cut I make
I hope that I will one day be able to edit a movie



Why?

Why can't I understand?

Why is the earth round?

Why is the sky blue?

Why does his skin look different? Or her hair?

Why should it matter anyway?

Why does the earth function the way it does? With greed that leaves some men rich and others poor? With cruelty to each other and to animals? What did they do to deserve it?

Why do people think and act the way they do?

Why are people lazy?

Why are people selfish? Some are living in the lap of luxury while others are homeless.

Why can't people share? Knowledge and wealth?

Why can't people reach out to those in need?

Why can't people try to get along? At least try to make peace?

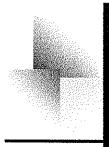
Why can't people care? About one another and about the planet?

Why can't they see what they're doing to the world?

"Why!?" I ask, and I am answered... "Because they don't want to try."

This is the tragedy! Take actions to make our world a better place, now and in the future, for people and all the other species that share this Earth. YOU CAN!

Paige Ehrecke



SWING SHOW 2011

Sarah Riedel

A quiet party in the dark, black-blue dim lighting; dancing behind the shells, shadows galore. Waiting, whispering cool quiet undertones beside the jazz pounding on the other side. Standing, sitting, walking, trying to take a seat on the stools if possible; once again I end up writing on the tall stood, using it as a table. When the choir sings it's a heavenly hum of voices, high low, male, female; all matching and blending together in do-bops, do-wops, and other words. While Jazz 1 has possession of the band mascot Bandlamb, Jazz 2 has found our own: Snuffalupagous, born out of conversation one day. We all miss him, so the girls brought him in. Now he sits in glory atop the piano wearing a red bow when we play. Alto solo, soft, sweet, tender sound from the small saxophone; love the sound. "Amazing," we say listening. Backstage we follow the slow, steady, swaying rhythm; crescendo, decrescendo, back to normal. Piano cuts in, interrupts, and takes over the solo, finishing the ballad. The next song is on a different jazz style, emphasizing the baseline, heavy and solid; a new rhythm for a new song; all of it strong and powerful 'Don't mess with me' type of way, but cool and laid back all at once. We played. I had a good solo, loud, strong, clear. Now Peanuts song from the choir; took us five whole minutes and then some to figure out; everyone loves a familiar melody. Jazz 1 dresses up for Mardi Gras song, beads, hats, sunglasses, base drum, and tuba; always audience pleasing. Sheldon's Bieber moment; funny, Intro into Mardi Gras, "Play real music." Always a fun skit, performed perfectly. Right before intermission, almost halfway done. Heel tapping, hand clapping rhythm no one can resist. Flashing lights, the works, I guess. Even I stop writing to tap along. Jazz inspires creativity. Clapping, Applause.

Intermission!!!

Backstage halftime drama whispered quietly, privately between friends with open ears.

By the second half everyone is impatient and tired. Friday night and we'd rather be at home napping after a long week of rehearsals; don't misunderstand, we love it, but it's work. Tomorrow night we will all be tired, and ready for it to end; performers patience wears thin. A single voice rises above the others, floating a high soprano song; serious, sober, pure sound gives way to big band; loud, bold, confident. Love sax runs; trumpets loud, clear on beat and pitch; winding into solos, giving a chance to performers to jam. By this time of night all girls take their painful -lovely, but painful -- shoes off. From solos back to melody easy as you please; walking base line, always a favorite; a trumpet with a lot to show. Group hug, "Help," they whisper; backstage detangling games while the choir sings another familiar song: Pink Panther Theme. Everyone dressed in red and black to their own style; no two the same, all unique. Black with a splash of red. Another alto solo ballad; soft, gentle, cheesy soap opera, dying-in-a-hospital song. Compelled to listen. "Some are dead and some are living;" Providence Theme, good memories; my favorite song of the choir. "In my life, I love you all." Not having the tall stool kills the writing. More backstage dancing to the bands with an extra spin. Got my writing stool back. Two friends dancing together -- jazz hands! Both try to lead, no one goes anywhere. High piano ripples, high tight guitar pings. How many more songs? In the bad backstage light black turns red and brown. By the end of the show everyone is much more calm, complaint. A Jazz 1 Latin tune; always fun getting the gourd involved. Playful banter left and right. Last song before the closer; almost done; nearly there. Epic drum solo, back to the melody. The closer; we're done!



Lost Without a Set of Directions. By Gretchen Mohr



Tragic Death of a Princess

Beautiful Princess Diana dynamic and wise

The Princess of Wales and mother of two

Once a wife to Charles the Prince of Wales

CRASH

August 31st 1997

Death is the outcome for the beloved Princess

Agony

Anguish

Hopelessness

Despair

Pandemonium is fashioned

Sorrow is created

Always Remembered

-Christina A. Herrin

Bobby Wolfe



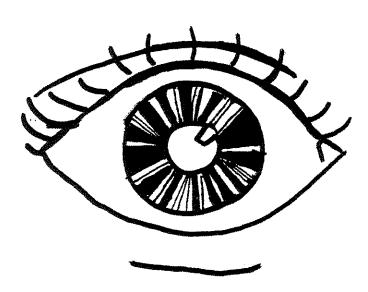












Dream With Me My Love

I'll live; that's all. Sweetly life whispers in my ear, I see a new dawn with you; So much work so little time But we all die. And when we do we're always alone, So don't cry for me For my love will last forever, I ran away now I can't find home, You shout my name, I love these city lights at night, Every dream is like a star And we're like snowflakes, All different; We can choose to live or die, To love. Or hate, So I love you, please love me back. And when I'm gone will you miss me?



The Day Dreamer

Eric Perrin

The Day Dreamer sleeps
Under the tree he hides

Lying in the grass Watching the old stars die

Observing the galactic plethora In the midnight sky

> Gleaming with their lavender sheen Seeming to fly by

Fly by like the flies fly Without direction

Seeing in the water
The stars stellar reflection

The Day Dreamer does not fly
But rather swims

Surfing in an ocean of spectacular illumination Not yet dim

Looking up at the eagles
As they do soar

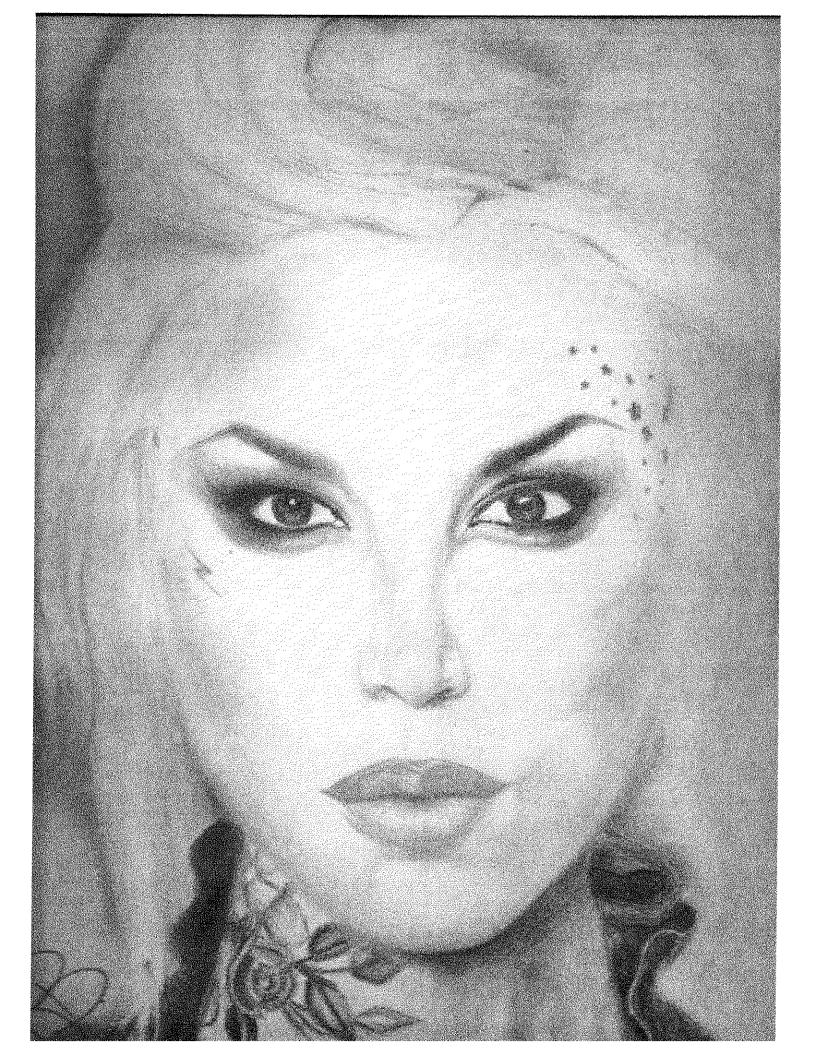
And down at the spiders Wriggling on the floor

Seeing the spiders
On the hardwood floor
They crawl

Hundreds, THOUSANDS Dart across the wall

The Day Dreamer sleeps
Under the tree he hides

Lying in the grass Waiting to die.



The Rising Sun

By: Jacob Mayabb

There is a house near the battered shore of the ocean, somewhere near the end of world. It is a place where civilization falls into the sun and water, and tides wash new days over the land in waves of red and gold. Its door is always welcoming to me—yet for others it stays fast on its locks; and although I find peace within this sanctum, it comes at the cost of loneliness. But I remain steadfast in my approach now, as I retreat to this home away from life; however, it does not dually serve as a life away from home.

I am here now, for this morning I found myself lost. The house is atop a hill that leads into the very sky itself, it would seem—as now it is a midnight shade of black, so profusely dark and ominous that the stars within it cannot shine their light down on me. So I raise myself up, and I begin my assent toward the house, knowing all the while I can stop any time. I do not, however, trek on and as I continue, the outline of hope which is that house grows bolder and bolder still until, all at once, it lies there before me. As I traipse along the walkway, I meet two symmetrical hydrangeas, smartly placed in an adornment of auburn stones. Their papery ink and blue faces greet me on my way to the entrance, and it almost saddens me to see them go. Even so, I finally reach my destination—the door. The reddish wood and silver handle grasp my attention; all at once a rush of anxiousness floods my thoughts, drowning them in the process. I tell myself to move forward, onward, ahead—into the unknown; I had come this far—why should I be afraid?

In a wholly consuming manner, I throw the door open and take myself across the hearth. Upon entry I find a silhouette of indigo drapery flowing from the eastern window, accompanied by the sweet perfume of the cherry trees beyond it. The sun is rising now, and the faint ray of sunlight that first peaks over the crest of the morning dew dances into my eyes. I lay my head beyond the sill, and look into the eyes of the heavens to find an azure sky now dotted with a starry show of the cosmos, crowned by a fading moon. It calmed me and as quickly as they had been spotted, the little dots defiantly left without trace, as if to punctuate dawn's arrival.

The cool zepher sweeps through the tassels in my hair, snapping my eyes closed and sending a wave of chills throughout my body. I force them open and immediately find myself staring into the dapper glow of sunlight that had risen over an expanse of sands and oceans to reach me. I feel a sense of longing, an eternal want for this timeless moment to never stop. As I stare, the great fireball grows brighter until it seems as if the snowy pink branches upon the trees across from me are burning their own coronas of brilliant orange; and all too soon I must turn from the light and find respite within the amber walls which I reside.

Now that I am in my place I can at long last look deeper than I once did from the outside in. Beginning with the shelf most adjacent to me, I scan its contents only to find bittersweet memories returning the confused look I gave them. One shelf contains a stack of blocks and puzzles, the latter of the two half-finished and pitiful; another one contains an old baseball—never once used—and a photo of myself when I was younger. I turn away from the shelf, in an attempt to turn away from the younger part of myself. I don't claim to understand it, but the hazy images I can recall from the lesser part of me tend to put me into a state of unease. Anyway, all that is behind e and I must continue. . .

What is Love?

Love is like the ocean.

There are waves.

Some waves do not last,
but some do.

They go on for miles and miles,
surviving many obstacles.

There are high points in a wave,
but there are low points too.

When a wave crashes against the shore,
there will always be another wave,
with high points and low points.

Love is like the ocean.

An ocean is large and inviting, but also scary and intimidating. An ocean can also be beautiful and healing. One tries not to get lost, or hurt, for speaking their mind.

Love is like the ocean.

One might run into many fish.

They may shuffle past each other without a word, until one catches your eye.

Once one catches it, they better not let go, because there will not be another like it.

Love is like the ocean.

It should always try to be equal, but the waves make some places higher, and more powerful than others.

The fight for balance and independence is always there. But can the ocean ever truly be the same level?

Maybe.

Maybe not.

Love is like the ocean. <3 Erin Mead

Miranda Gumpert

I AM...

I am compassionate and generous

I wonder how I can make a difference in the world

I hear the cries of those in need

I see suffering

I want to help those less fortunate than myself

I am compassionate and generous

I pretend to go to distant places ravaged by war and disease

I feel sad when I see the weary faces of the suffering children

I touch the lives of the less fortunate people in a positive way

I worry that I cannot do enough

I cry when I realize I am not able to help everyone in need

I am compassionate and generous

I understand that I am making a difference in a small way

I say I will be back with more help

I dream of a world with peace and prosperity

I try to set an example for others

I hope for the strength to relieve some of the pain

I am compassionate and generous

SAMMING YORG PIRT OBPOLITO

A Broken Family Rachel Hebbeln

I am hurt and confused

I wonder why the people who love you the most, hurt you the most

I hear the hurtful things they say

I see that they don't know how much it hurts

I want them to understand how I feel

I am hurt and confused

I pretend everything is ok when it's not

I feel dread, not knowing what will happen next

I touch the photo album, remembering the good memories we had

I worry things won't ever be like that again

I cry, knowing deep down that they won't

I am hurt and confused

I understand that things have changed

I say that I can't keep hoping for the past

I dream of a day when we will all get along

I try to make that day happen

I hope that one day my dream will come true

I am hurt and confused

MONSTER IN THE MIRROR

I see a monster in the mirror, And it stares back at me.

On one side a girl so fair and thin But the other lies the demon within.

No pretty features, just cat like claws, Piercing eyes, and razor jaws.

Howling in anger, fear and pain, Always there, never to be slain.

Greed consumes as envy bleeds
Through every wicked desire and dream

A creature hidden out of sight Until the reflection brings it to light.

Sadly, no one but me will ever see The monster in the mirror.

Sarah Riedel



THE LION AND THE SERPENT

Vicious and violent, preparing to strike, The great cat looms overhead. Watching and waiting and snarled in place, The serpent is writhing in pain. Blind by bloodlust, The lion stands erect, As if on a pedestal. The legless, limbless serpent, Only trying to survive, Must defend itself, From its most pompous attacker. For the snake has done No wrong or misdeed, Only attempting to live, To survive. For the snake is not evil, Only misunderstood.

Look Away

The sheet of clouds over the wave of grass; a dullness, lack of energy matching the grey snow.

Nothing above nor below this ubiquitous dreariness can escape this biting chill.

Travel in pairs to hold each other up even the lampposts and the snowflakes littering the ground.

Love Song

It is always the same! The yellow light of arches, Roman romance sighs,

Tough Luck.
Kid, you have a while.
Thick stone garters hold them fast
Dissolve into grandeur...

Rotting.

Washing the cardboard (The night before was a mess) Child cries, it's his turn.

Driving.

The same old stuff now. Changes into dust, tell me How to cope, my song

Of love.

My locomotive: Chug, chug, chug, chugging onward Making some small clouds

Hand sweat.

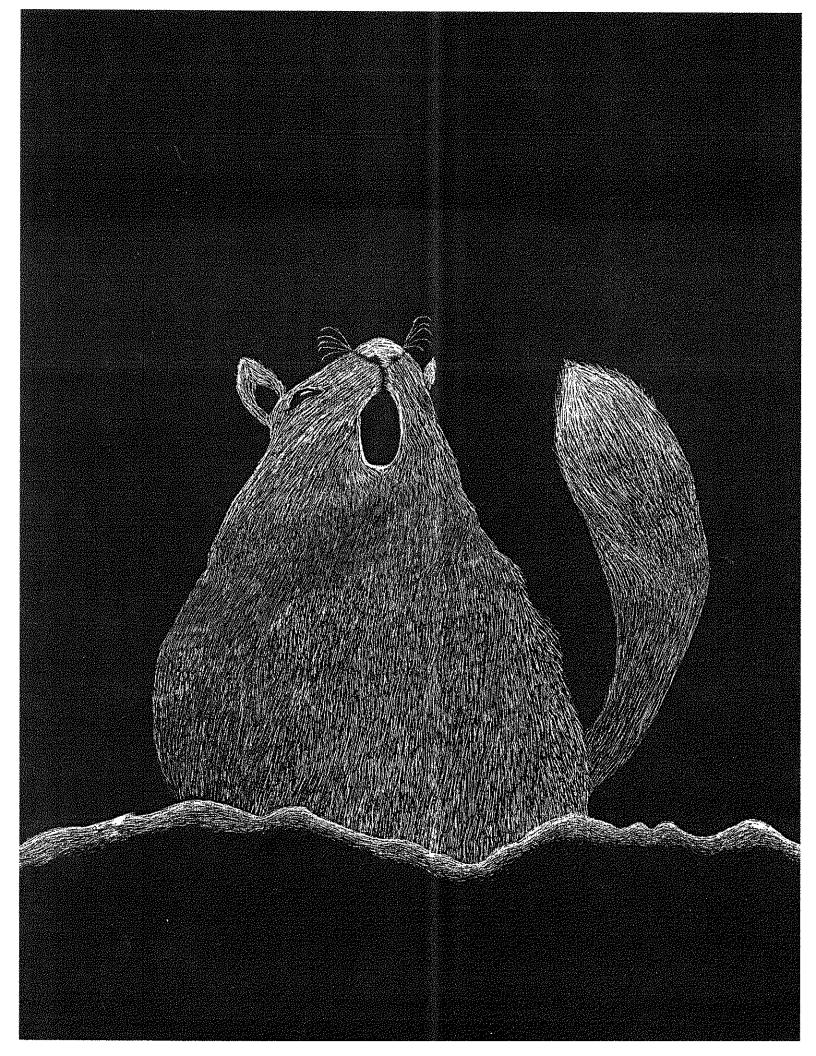
Pull...snap! Drop, bounce! PING! Shatter, look up, read some more Apron is dirty

And yet,

They are not bitter Whilst living in their cardboard BOX! So-and-so won.

White noise Old curls and black floor Tiptoe past brown couch, through hall Oh, their love song, song

Of love.





I am...

I am indecisive and striving
I wonder which path to follow
I hear different thoughts running through my head
I see happiness and contentment
I want to continue discovering
I am indecisive and striving

I pretend that I don't take life for granted

I feel the warmth of the sun tingle upon my skin

I touch the limitless sky

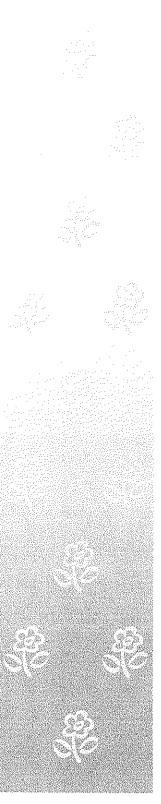
I worry about what is destined to fail

I cry when the world seems against me

I am indecisive and striving

I understand nothing is forever
I say that I will never give up
I dream of accomplishments and success
I try to obtain personal goals
I hope to know one day
I am indecisive and striving

Taylor Gehrls



The Train Tracks. IDON'T FOLIOW

-Kelly Kupris

Feared Future Chyanne Voshell

But then the fear runs through me. And I know there isn't a possible way to make this any worse. Or maybe even need. All I know is this is one thing I really want, Hoping the next one will be better. My third time I have within a year now. Leaving again,

Hoping they see through my flaws. Another life. A brand new chance to show the world who I am, On my way to a new home. Sitting in the car again

But then the fear runs through me.

But then the fear runs through me. And yet somewhere I feel like this time is different. The smiling faces I've seen a thousand time also, the same as I have a thousand times before. Slowly stepping from the car again.

But then the fear runs through me. And for once I believe her. Hoping I'll believe this is the place. her smiling face looking down at me. Pausing for a moment to look at the women at my side. Walking up the sidewalk again.

I finally look ahead and face my fear and smile.

the fear will run through me once more. But then slowly fades because I know eventually And the smile on my face is real. And all at once my fear is gone "it's nice to finally meet you," I hear from her mouth. I feel the eyes on me, eyes I can't see.

As I move to the other side of the room, I am surprised to find that the lighting had changed from a dim street like-light ambiance to a brighter yet softer bluish glow. Furthermore, I cannot help but notice there is no shelf here, as was expected; there is however a curious case, made of a fine cherry wood and lacquered an exquisite reddish mahogany color. It stands tall amongst the other pieces in the room, as if to proudly state its importance apart from the other things. Behind the fine crystal I spot a small stack of books, and upon further inspection they area familiar collection of the finest works I had ever read. Not recalling to have ever owned any of them, I wonder what they are doing ever read. Not recalling to have ever owned any of them, I wonder what they are doing out sketch paper it was originally on, it sat in a frame. Mysteriously, these items had out sketch paper it was originally on, it sat in a frame. Mysteriously, these items had arranged themselves into my haven, and the answer why, I do not know that I'll ever find.



Brankfully Aylkyard

Supin Wicosoffia

A strictly

9M

Lonando abanando



Am I a twinkling star up in the sky? Am I an angel? Am I a traitor? But who am 1? always think so, I am beautiful, even though I don't I am loved by friends and family; I am special;

Some things I guess I'll never find out, but

I think I know who I am;

I'm me, my own special self...

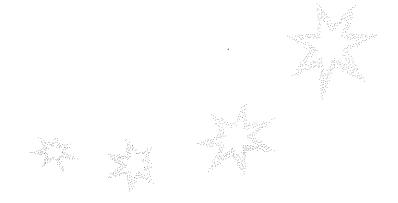
My own angel telling me what to do;

My own traitor by doing things that are wrong;

One thing I will always know is that I'm my own special self And my own star when I excel in things, but

but what about you? I am special,

- Cecelia Behnke





Them

By: Brittany Bunch

Disconnected, Numb. Heartbroken and bruised, Few words, Feeling lost, hurt and used.

They asked you why, where, when. They don't get it. Don't know where your heart's been

The feelings of anger, The feelings of grief, A feeling that isn't, Better be brief.

Because it's wrong, They're gone, You don't know why,

It hurts,
You hurt,
You have to cry.
It's what **They** expect.

And outside, On the outside, It's **Them** that matters.

"I AM DETERMINED AND STEADFAST"

By: David Stegman

I am determined and steadfast.

I wonder what purpose I was made for

I hear controversial voices telling me where to go.

I see my goals steadily getting closer.

I want my purpose to be uncovered.

I am determined and steadfast.

I pretend I have all the answers.

I feel encouraged that more answers will come to me.

I touch the crumbling wall in front of my future.

I worry how long my goal will take to come to past.

I cry when I cannot see over the once crumbling wall.

I am determined and steadfast.

I understand that reaching my purpose won't be easy.

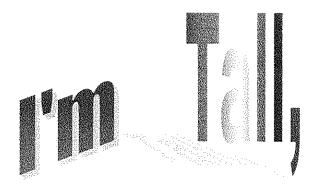
I say that I can do all things that I set my mind to.

I dream that life is clear as a still pond.

I try to overcome the dark fog that smothers my goal;

I hope the light I have can see through it.

I am determined and steadfast.



I don't play basketball

It's a House Not a Home

By: Ashley Crouch

I am scared and confused
I wonder why this is happening to me
I hear yells
I see tears
I want to run and hide
I am scared and confused

I pretend everything is okay
I feel all alone
I touch my tear stained face
I worry we won't get through this
I cry myself to sleep every night
I am scared and confused

I understand it's not my fault
I say I'm fine even though I'm not
I dream of the day we will be as we were before
I try to stay strong for all of us
I hope this will all just end
I am scared and confused

Stubborn Opinions

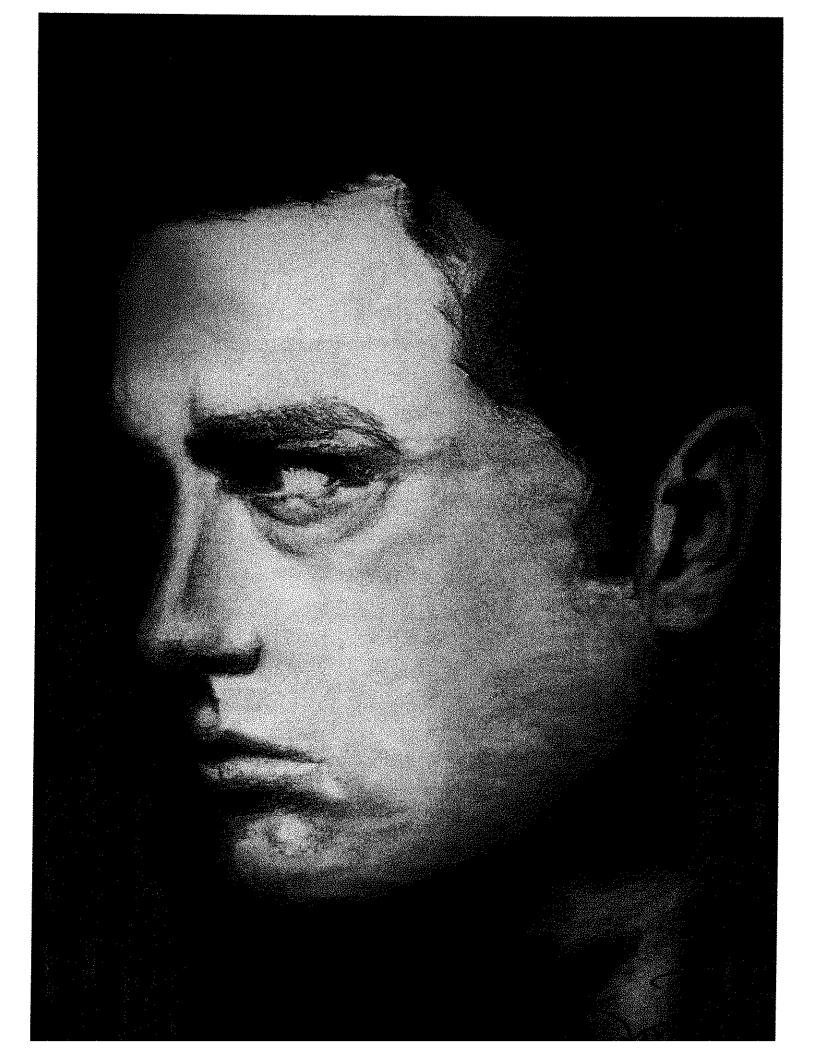
I am stubborn and opinionated
I wonder if the opinions I tell people are what I really think
I hear what others say, but I will not change my ways
I see my friends around me in need and I try to help as best I can
I want to know who I really am
I am stubborn and opinionated

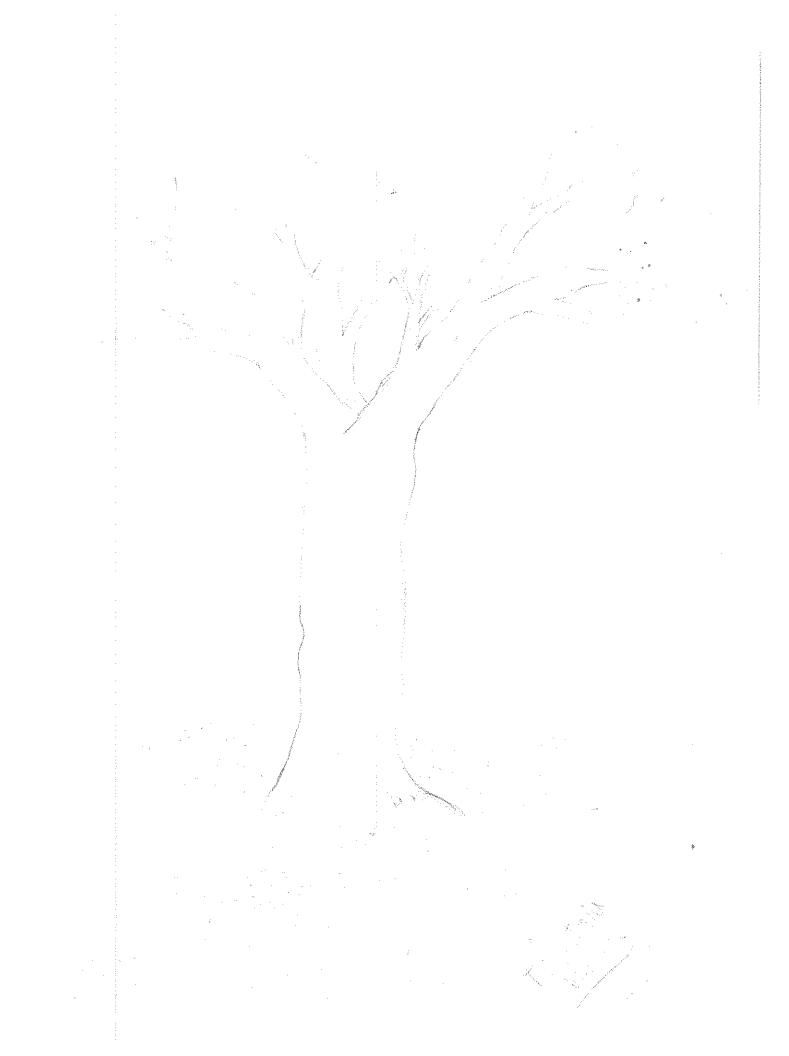
I pretend like I don't care, you'll never know if I do
I feel the hurt of others
I touch my friends broken pieces and try to make them whole again.
I worry that I'm too stubborn and my opinions might be wrong
I cry when I don't know what else to do
I am stubborn and opinionated

I understand others better than I understand myself
I say I'm okay, I can deal with it on my own

I dream I will always be around for you, I need you and you need me
I try to listen to what others have to say, but sometimes it doesn't

work out that way
I hope my opinions matter
I am stubborn and opinionated





An Altruistic Person Ben Danielson

I am Loyal and Humble
I wonder What I'll be when I grow up
I hear The world around me
I see My life before me
I want To fit in
I am Loyal and Humble

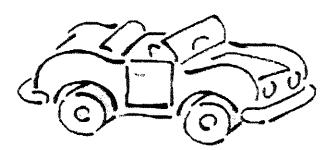
I pretend That I am something greater than what I am I feel That I need to try
I touch The world with my actions
I worry About death
I cry But I don't know why
I am Loyal and Humble

I understand That life is not fair
I say Live your life
I dream Of a world filled with pride
I try To help others
I hope That one day the world will be at peace
I am Loyal and Humble

Life is a Road

Fasten your seatbelt; it is going to be a bumpy ride; find your keys -they are vital to reaching your destination; turn the ignition; step in the brake and shift to decide which direction you want to go; put it in drive for a smooth, forward ride down the ever changing road; but what if I go to fast and crash? You won't; don't worry; keep it steady; keep two hands on the wheel and steer the direction you want to go; you will be fine; use the center line for guidance and direction; observe the speed limit (cops are everywhere); look for creatures that may interrupt your journey; let yourself become the car; the driver; do not become the passenger in your own car; do not let someone else drive your car; steer the direction you want to go and you will be fine; watch the corners, you never know what is going to be around them; avoid the busy intersections—they do not get you anywhere any faster than the side streets; don't get caught up in rush hour traffic; it just wastes your precious time on the road; be cautious; do not speed up on yellow; instead slow down and stop on the red; steer the direction you want to go and you will be fine; keep your cool no matter what; stay off the horn; there is no need to make your car's problems someone else's; check your mirrors and notice what you've left behind; analyze your surroundings and determine if its where you really want to be; stay in your lane; the fast lane isn't always the best; it just gets you to the end faster; keep your eyes ahead; keep them set on your destination; What if I lose control? Don't concern yourself with such nonsense; use the brakes when you need to slow down; take your time and enjoy the ride down the long, winding road; simply steer the direction you want to go and you will be fine.

Dexter Golinghorst



PUT TOO MANY

EEEE'S

By Anthony Curlott

SPEECH



Running ...

I run.

Tennis shoes pounding the pavement Step by step, Breathing hard, sweating Through the wind, sun, and rain.

Running harder, faster.

Fast enough to put distance between everything. Everyone.

Myself.

Fast enough to break out of my own skin And away from the weight on my shoulders.

Fast enough to break out of my own skin and fly, I outrun anything chasing me.

Running is my freedom.

So I run. I run fast. I run hard. I run long. I just run.

Pies and Precision

By Cierra Klatt

Cast of Characters

SAMUEL HARVARD, a sweet old man who bakes pies for his neighbors, but secretly, he despises any animal and this gets him into deep trouble.

CHRISTINE DYER, a kind young woman who is excited to start her family life, but that is quickly ended.

THOMAS DYER, a quiet man who loves his wife dearly.

The play takes place in a small neighborhood in Ohio.

SCENE I

(The stage is completely black. Two houses, almost identical, are sitting next to each other. In front are two mailboxes. Christine Dyer flings open the door to her house [stage left] and is sobbing. The light slowly comes up while she is attempting to open her mailbox. The lights should be fully on by the time Samuel Harvard has reached the mailbox.)

Samuel:

Eventually reaches the mailbox then notices Christine's tears. Christine...? Christine...?

(He slowly moves, using his cane, over to her and places a hand on her shoulder.)
Christine? Please talk with me. What is wrong?
(Silence.)

Oh sweetie, I wish you would tell me. You are such a sweet girl and don't deserve anything bad to happen to you. And I'm just a small old man, but I can be a friend to you, can't I? We might have only known each other a few days but you have been such a sweetheart to me! Oh I wish you wouldn't cry like this.

(She slowly wipes her tears.)

Christine:

We should never have moved here...

Samuel:

Please don't say that! Whatever happened must not be that bad. Time heals wounds deary. Now, tell me what's wrong.

SCENE II

(She looks up and then stage darkens. Sam goes inside house and the couple comes from stage left carrying boxes when lights turn on. They make small talk and flirt very obviously. They reach the porch of their house and they both become quiet.)

Thomas:

This is it.

Christine:

Yeah, it is.

Thomas:

I mean, the honeymoon was great. And you were gorgeous in that wedding dress. I can't believe you said yes... But now, now we are really starting this. Living in a house together. Next, we will be having children, and you will be a wonderful mother. They will grow and —

Christine:

(Interrupting)
One day at a time.
(Smiles and kisses him.)

(Samuel Harvard has several pies cooling on his windowsill. He walks out the door, smiles at the couple, and picks up a pie. The, he makes his way over to the bottom of the porch.)

Samuel:

Oh my! You two remind me of my youth. How I miss Darla- But never mind about my past. Let's start with names. I'm Samuel Harvard.

(Christine and Thomas step down from the porch and face Samuel.)

Christine:

I'm Christine Jeffers- oh, I mean, (smiles and turns to Thomas) Christine Dyer. And this is my husband, Thomas Dyer.

(Samuel tries to shake their hands but realizes that one is needed to hold the pie and the other is resting on the cane. Thomas notes this and takes the pie.)

Samuel:

Oh, thank you! It is so nice to meet you. I have this habit of baking pies. I hope you like lemon meringue. Usually, I know which pie is favored by each family around this neighborhood. So, I took a wild guess for you! Think about your favorites tonight and write me up a little list. I'll make it for you by the day after.

Thomas:

Thank you sir, that's a nice offer. But you don't need to rush on making the pie, if you decide to.

Samuel:

I'm so old, I have nothing better to do, son! Don't worry about me. If I decide to make someone a pie, I am going to make them a pie! No buts about it! Do you have any ideas off the top of your head?

Christine:

Well... apple is always a good choice!

Samuel:

I'll get to work on it, just for you! Enjoy your new home Mr. and Mrs. Dyer. (Tips his hat and makes his way back home.)

Thomas:

(Sets the pie down and holds Christine's hands)

Thomas (Cont'd):

It seems that we have wonderful neighbors.

Christine:

We sure do. Now, let's move some of this stuff inside.

(They carry in the boxes and the pie and lights fade.)

SCENE III

(The lights come up while Samuel walks outside towards the mailbox. He places his hand on it when the Dyer's front door opens and Christine walks out, carrying a small puppy.)

Christine:

Oh, hi Sam! Look at this little guy! We bought him yesterday, but you must've been napping when we brought him home. We have yet to name him, but isn't he just adorable?

Samuel:

(He turns around then quickly turns back towards the audience and reaches into the mailbox, while making a disgusted face. But, he breathes in and puts on a fake expression before facing Christine again.)

Why yes! He is such a cute little guy.

Thomas:

(Inside the house)
Christine? Could you come take a look at this light? I need- OW!

Christine:

Sam, can you watch him a sec?

(Sets puppy down.)

I need to check on Thomas.

Samuel:

Of course, dear.

(She goes inside and the dog stands perfectly still on their lawn. Sam turns his back to walk up to his porch and the dog follows. Sam turns around.)

Samuel:

(Most of this is ad-libbed. Let the frustration grow and characterization flow.)
No! Go!

(Pointing towards the other 'yard'.)
Get off my yard.

(He tries to push the dog away with his cane, but the dog refuses to move from its spot.)
If you mess with my grass or chew on any of my flowers in the back, I will-

(Christine opens door and immediately Samuel stops yelling, and it appears Christine has not noticed his behavior. Christine whistles the dog inside.)

Christine:

Thanks Sam! (Goes inside.)

SCENE IV

(This goes back to the setting of the first scene. Samuel is comforting a whimpering Christine.)

Christine:

We should never have moved here...

Samuel:

Please don't say that! Whatever happened must not be that bad. Time heals wounds deary. Now, tell me what's wrong.

Christine:

It won't heal this Sam. He's gone! He's gone!

Samuel:

Hun, you know what I am talking about. I have lost plenty of close companions and I know that you two had a lot of fun together! But, there will be others.

Christine:

How can you say that? He was more than just a companion..

Samuel:

Christine, there will be plenty of other pets to have! Preferably ones that don't destroy things. Maybe one kept in a cage-

SCENE V

(The houses are turned around, showing their two story insides. This is a light spotlight on the upper bedroom of Samuel's house. He slowly gets out of bed, and looks out the window, then faces the audience.)

Samuel:

He is tearing up my freshly planted garden, chewing on my rose buds, digging holes, and simply making everything smell like mutt. I love Christine and Thomas, but I cannot believe that they would go as low as to not only choose a pet, but one that makes such a mess! Do they not care about keeping things clean and tidy? This was my land first... and although they have apologized plenty of times, I do not believe they are correct withso low as to not only choose a pet, but one that makes such a mess! Do they not care about

keeping things clean and tidy? This was my land first... and although they have apologized plenty of times, I do not believe they are correct in saying he will grow out of it. All animals are destructive! If only they had the money to build a fence. If I wasn't so weak, I would build one like I did for my parents. But that would be impossible now. So what can I do? I can't make them move. Of course, I could easily get the entire neighborhood to dislike them... but that isn't completely fair. Maybe I shouldn't focus on getting rid of them, but getting rid of the dog itself. Could I trick it into running away? ...no. It's far too smart. What can it not resist? Oh! Why didn't I think of this earlier?

(He walks down stairs and takes a pie off the windowsill. He then places it on the kitchen table and goes over to the cabinet. He takes out a vial of liquid, which he carefully pours into the pie. Using his cane would be too noisy, so he slowly limps from his house, into the Dyer's house [who appear sleeping upstairs, even the dog]. He sets the pie on the floor.)

Here, puppy, puppy, puppy.

(Lights out.)

SCENE VI

(Again, this returns to the set-up of Scene I.)

Christine:

Kept in a cage? What are you talking about Sam!?

Samuel:

It's just a dog, dear. I know you were close to him. That is why I called him a companion. You went on plenty of walks, went to the park, played fetch... it might hurt for a little bit, your heart might ache, but don't worry! You can go buy a pet bird, or fish. But please, for my sake, no cats or dogs or anything that destroys precious yards!

Christine:

(She looks dazed/confused. She can't even look at Samuel.)
It wasn't my dog that died, Sam.

Samuel:

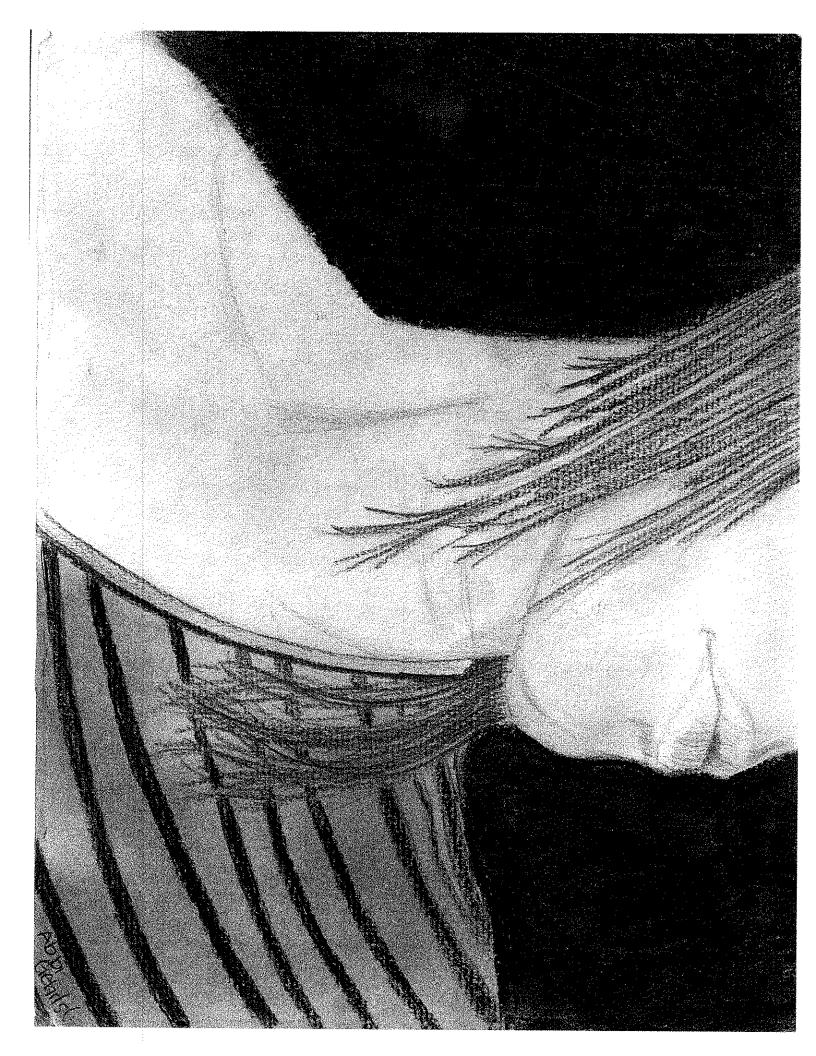
Of course it was! I mean, I saw him. That's how I know. I don't know how he died but... but he did... and...

(The confusion between the two characters is extreme and each is choking on words.)

Christine:

(She backs away, as she slowly realizes the truth.) Sam, my husband died with a fork in his hand.

(Lights out.)



I am compete and cooperative

I wonder what tomorrow brings
I hear the umpire yell
I see the ball hit the bat
I want to win

lam compete and cooperative

I pretend I never make mistakes
I feel like I can accomplish anything
I touch the ball in my glove
I worry I won't make that catch
I cry if I get hurt

lam compete and cooperative

I understand the fundamentals
I say I got this
I dream of that game winning catch
I try my hardest to get to the ball
I hope I succeed

I am compete and cooperative

Erin Mead



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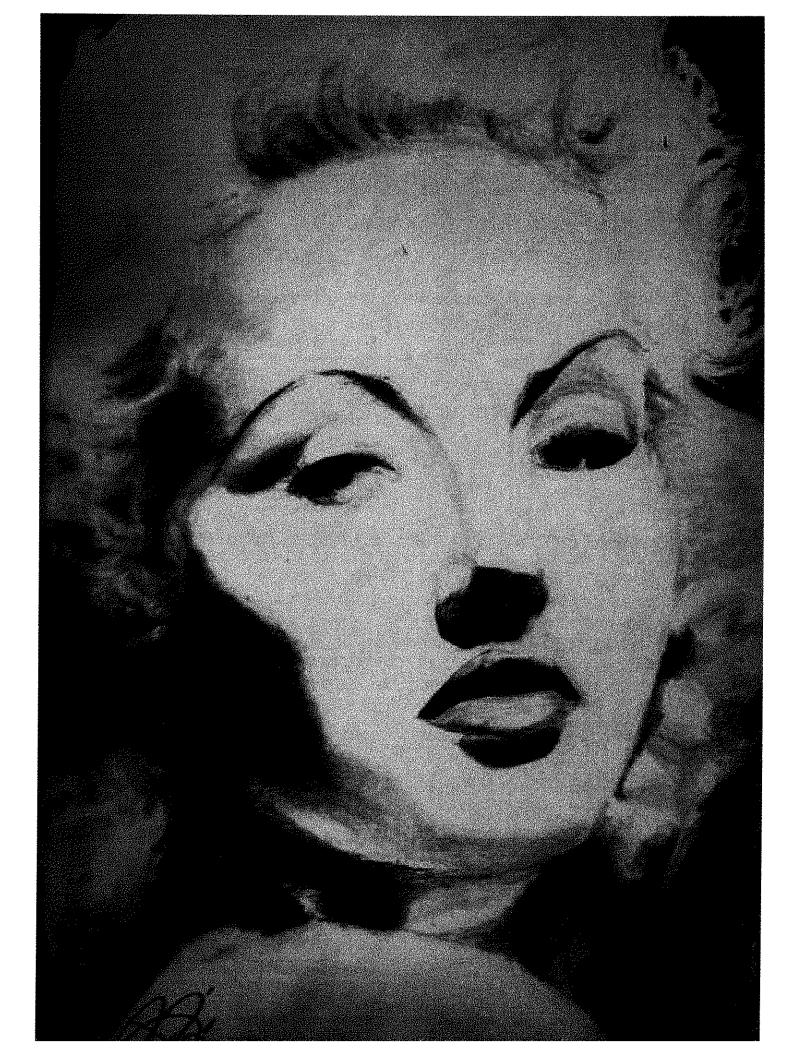
Lazy No More

By: Noah Gumpert

This is how you get off that couch; This is how you help us, your parents, out;

Get off your butt and get moving; Help around the house; This is how you take
the dog out to go to the bathroom; This is how you clean up the mess if you
don't take the dog out; Start pulling your own weight in this house;

Come on boy and rake the leaves; Then mow the yard and flower the plants;
Then this is how you wash the cars, Don't waste away your life on the couch;
Instead you can help out people by doing such little things that make a
Big difference; Now this is how you do the laundry; don't mix whites with colors
and especially white and red; If you're lazy your clothes will end up a nice pink;
This is how you wash the dishes that are left in the sink after a meal;
This is what to do to clean up the house; Vacuum every carpeted area you see;
Dust every spot that might have a little dust on it; Clean every window
until you can see your reflection; I don't feel good about myself if I watch someone
else work while I sit around; Feel good about yourself; get up and help
someone in need; This is how you become lazy no more.



Tears I Cry. For the ones who are ashamed. The girls who disappear into imaginary worlds rather than facing their own. Who get comforted by their enemy. I Cry. For the ones who get looked upon. As social outcasts. I Cry. Because people don't dig deeper to see who we really are. Rather than the person that we, too, hate. I Cry. for I wish I could turn back time. For all of us. Because we don't like the girls we see in the mirror. I don't. I hate that girl. She is not me. She is tough. She has to be. But me?

I Cry.

-brittany bunch



WHAT TO WRITE?

By: Sarah Riedel

Cast of Characters

ANNIE, an aspiring high school playwright without any ideas about what to write about SAM, male, her high school age friend full of helpful, creative, and entertaining advice LAUREN, another sweet natured high school friend with good advice JULES, high school friend who is endearing but not very bright

Setting

The play takes place during the day at a school library around a table.

AT RISE:

(Day. School Library. ANNIE, teenage girl sits in one of two chairs at a table with an open notebook page and pen in hand, tapping the pen aimlessly in thought as she stares at a doodle and scribble covered notebook page.)

ANNIE

(Muttering to herself.)
Classic fairy tale remake . . . No . . . Political parody . . .
(Shakes head.)
That won't work either . . .

(Enter ANNIE'S teenaged friend SAM Stage Right. SAM sits in the second empty chair at the table.)

SAM

Hey Annie, you look kinda out of it, what's going on? You Okay?

ANNIE
(Miserably)
Yeah, I'm fine, just stuck.

SAM

What are you writing now? Essay, Story, Poetry...

ANNIE

The play for my creative writing class, but I'm not writing it right now because I don't know what to write about. Sam, do you have any ideas?

SAM Nope, (Beat. Regretfully) Sorry.

(ANNIE sighs and stares at her paper.)

ANNIE

It's just . . . this play was assigned a week ago and I've been thinking about it ever since. It's always on my mind, but I still don't have any idea what to write, and it's due in three days.

I've been sitting in the library for an hour thinking. The creative juice isn't there. I don't know why, it's really bothering me. Writing is my thing, my hobby. I've always been good at it so coming up with a simple story shouldn't be a problem.

(SAM looks at ANNIE'S scribbled paper.)

SAM

Don't Worry. You'll write it, you always do. What do you have so far?

ANNIE

Nothing, that's just it. I don't have a single sentence yet, just song lyrics and grocery list--I need fish food. My angelfish are hungry.

SAM

A new idea is the hardest part. It seems like -- when it comes to plays at least-- everything's been done already. Tragedy, drama, comedy, social reflection...it's all been done before.

ANNIE

No, there's an idea out there undiscovered. I just have to find it.

SAM

Well, I'm not good at this type of thing, not like you, but maybe I could help. (Thinks)

What about a murder-mystery, those are fun. A classic who-done-it.

ANNIE

I'm not much into the who-done-it murder-mystery stories. After all the TV shows, they feel cliche and predictable. The criminal is always the first person interviewed. I was thinking about a drama maybe.

SAM

A drama then . . .

ANNIE

A drama with a family theme. Those are always good stories, right, who doesn't love those?

SAM

I guess. What's it going to be about?

ANNIE

I don't know yet. My family is too normal to be an inspiration.

SAM

What else is popular . . . maybe thinking about that could give you some ideas?

ANNIE

Cute kids. Everybody loves cute kids.

SAM

Nah. You don't want to do a play about kids--

ANNIE

Why not?

SAM

Child actors are unpredictable. There's labor laws, stage mothers. Kids are cute but not that great at acting.

ANNIE

No one needs to perform this play, it just needs to be written.

SAM

Yeah, but you wait, if this thing is good enough someone's going to want to produce it. But they can't do that if it's not made for stage. You gotta think ahead.

Can't you take one of your own stories and adapt it. Just change the wording a little bit to make it sound like a play?

ANNIE

I thought about borrowing an idea but nothing I have would work very well. Too many characters and settings. Besides, I really wanted to write something new. I thought it would be easy and fun. I could just whip it out on paper, but that's not happening.

SAM

What teacher is this play for, Mr. Wilson? Maybe you could angle it toward him and get a good grade.

ANNIE

(Disgusted at the idea.) No. I hate doing that.

SAM

No, it's a great idea, we've had him for an English teacher in the past. Write a play combining every book he's ever made us read.

(Enthusiastic.)

Write about a woman sentenced to a room with yellow wallpaper because she commits adultery. Her depressed lover turns into a dung beetle. Afterward they read romantic poetry and colonize Africa. Then at the end, everyone dies. It's a perfect idea!

(ANNIE laughs and nods her head in agreement.)

ANNIE

That is a unique idea.

(Enter two more of ANNIE'S teenage friends, LAUREN and JULES from Stage Right. They walk up to the table and stand behind SAM and ANNIE.)

LAUREN

Hey you two, what are you doing?

ANNIE

(Looks up, over her shoulder at them.)
Hi LAUREN, JULES, we're writing a play, what should it be about?

JULES Me. LAUREN Me.

JULES

Can you name a character after me? I've always wanted to be a character.

ANNIE

Sure, characters are easy to come up with. I just need a plot. Some type of entertaining drama . . without kids in it.

(Not understanding, LUAREN and JULES share a confused look.)

JULES

Don't write a drama. You go to a public high school; there's plenty to go around already.

LAUREN

You could write about your own life. Take from experience, you know? Last summer you did a ton of fun stuff like traveling across the country. Didn't you hike mountains, explore tide pools, and eat at cheesecake factories.

ANNIE

(Considering the idea) Yeah.

LAUREN

That's interesting. I'd like to see a play about that.

SAM

Forget that. Just retell a famous story? It's not a bad idea, TV does do it all the time. Use *Star Wars*, it's as classic story telling as you can get.

LAUREN

"Let the Force be with you."

ANNIE

(Skeptical at the idea.)

I don't know, that's already been done so many times.

JULES

Isn't that plagiarizing?

SAM

Not if you change the names.

JULES

If you're going to plagiarize, don't do Star Wars. That's tacky ... You should plagiarize the best. Do ... (Thinks.)

ANNIE

(Shocked her friends would consider the idea.)
I'm not going to plagiarize!

JULES

(Snaps fingers as she comes up with an idea.)

Plagiarize Shakespeare. He's a good writer, I love Oliver Twist. He also wrote a play once, didn't he?

(ANNIE covers her face with her hands in horror. SAM laughs. LAUREN stares at JULES.)

SAM

(Skeptically)

You read Oliver Twist?

JULES

I watched the movie.

SAM

(Not bothering to correct JULES error.)

Shakespeare is too well known, it wouldn't work. Mr. Wilson would recognize it.

ANNIE

(Uncovers her face.)

Alright! Stop! You guys are outrageous sometimes, you know that? I'm not going to plagiarize anyone. I want to write my own original story. Thanks for the suggestions, but I think I finally have an idea. Hold on a moment, okay? I want to write something down.

(ANNIE flips her notebook to a new, blank page and starts to write. Her friends lean over to read as she writes, but ANNIE covers the page. She writes for a brief moment, pausing, and crossing out things. Then ANNIE stops writing and looks up.)

ANNIE

Okay, how does this sound, my play's going to be about someone trying to write a play, but doesn't know what to write about. So they spend the entire play asking for advice, trying to figure out what to write.

(SAM nods considering it.)

JULES Can I still be a character?

LAUREN

(Puts a hand on JULES shoulder)
You are always a character, Jules.

ANNIE

I think there's room for you. In the end, the character decides to create a play about a writer not knowing what to write about!

SAM So how does it start?

ANNIE (Grins.)

Now it's all coming to me. The writer sits alone at a table trying, but failing to get anything written. A friend enters onstage and asks what the writer is working on . . .

LIGHTS FADE

The Place I want to Be. By: Alex Cole

I am the one who is overlooked, the one who will surprise the world.

I hear what is said, the words cannot stop me.

I see what I have to be, and I know I will not be there soon.

I want the world to stop the "thoughts", and do more of the actions.

I am the one who is overlooked, the one who will surprise the world.

I pretend it will be easy, that everyone will stop and I will be the only one left.

I feel talent can only go so far before hard-work can prevail.

I touch the tools that are needed to build "the path to perfection".

I worry too much about what others think, when it is my life and I'm the one driving and always will be.

I cry when the results show that it is all over and there is nothing else I can do.

I am the one who is overlooked, the one who will surprise the world.

I understand that only one can prevail and its all about the practice.

I say too much when all people care about is how you perform.

I dream that the critics will be speechless in my triumphant moment.

I try to push the loss away even after the win, but it still rings in my ear with all the pain and sorrow.

I hope to be remembered for two words; respect and hard-work.

I am the one who is overlooked, the one who will surprise the world.

Brother of Mine

This is how you annoy me; This is how you push me around; This is how you are mean to me; This is how you start our fights—I don't start our fights, you do; This is how you should talk to me; This is how you should drive me around; This is how to act when I don't want people to know we're related; This is how to act when I do want people to know we're related; This is how you should hang out with me when I'm bored; This is how you should knock on my door before entering; This is how you should open doors for me; This is how you should you never do any of that for me; This is how I am nice to you; This is how I ask you nicely; This is how you deny me; This is how I go get stuff for you; This is how you close the door in my face; This is how you don't let me in-well what's your point?; This is how we can get along; This is how you hug me when no one is looking; This is how we make dinner together; This is how you get what I mean; This is how you secretly care; This is how I write about you without you even knowing

-Oh, I know.

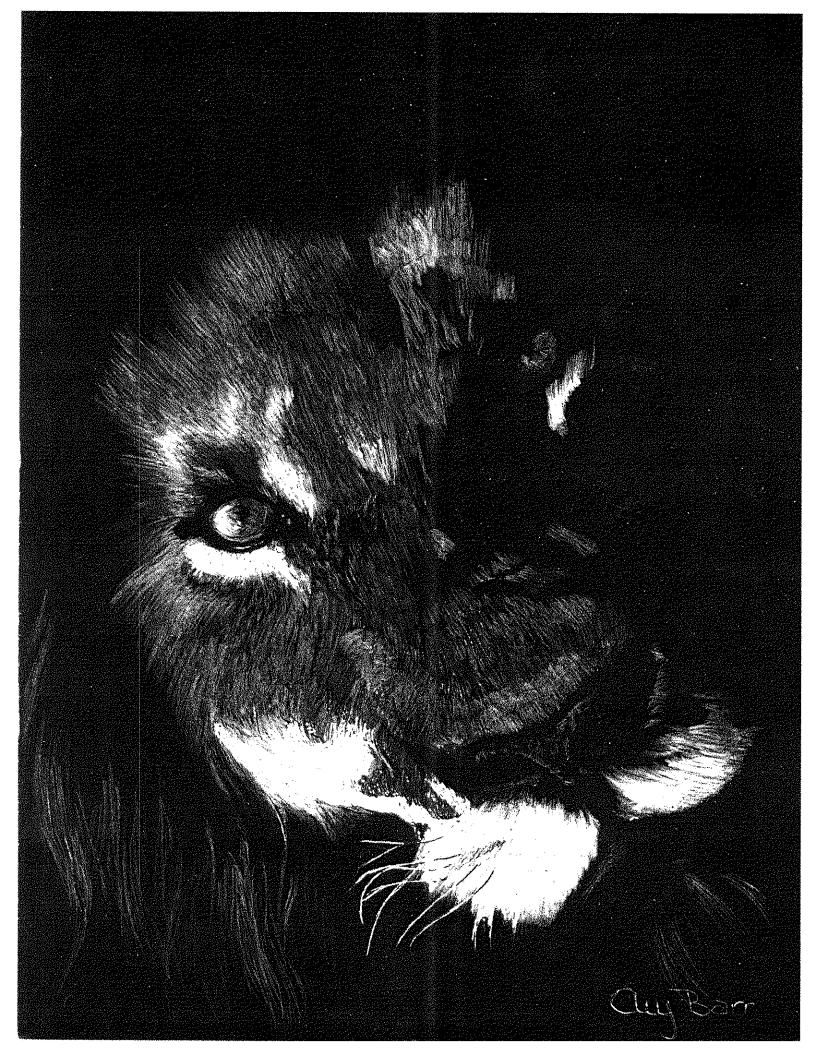
Death Fills the Air

By: Drake Eberline

There is a car lot full of nice cars. Two beautiful cars slide on the track Where the lights can't see, So never fly uphill Cause your squeal will create a racket After the feet have fallen, to drivers and cars. Carefully, as a young driver watching a TAC gage, The blur of paint of fords and Chevy's. The air became tense, gray suddenly As he destroyed the back tires. When he drifted around with excitement The fait depends on the oil change Around the car's body, across the world. Drive like you died yesterday So some one can hear your cries. Drivers will pass the speed of their own car He owns fast beautiful cars around the world.



You are all so deeply disappointing.



Looking Forward

The Atlantic Ocean has deep blue wild waters,

Beautiful blue waters bursting on the sandy rocks,

Sitting watching these wild waters,

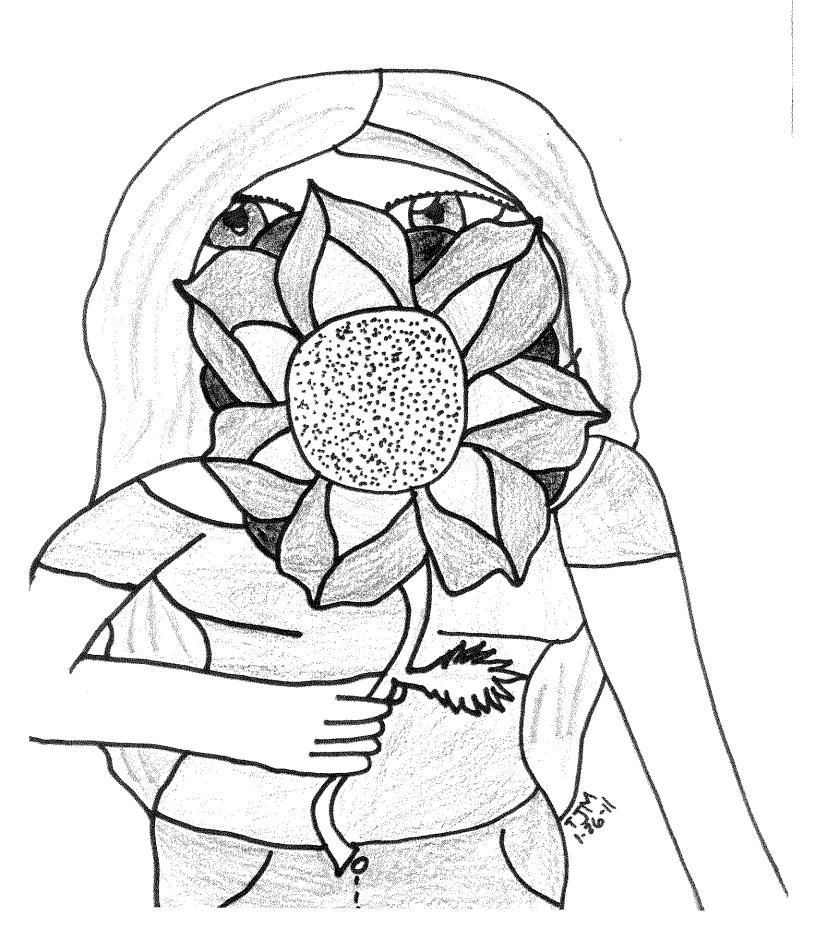
Makes everything feel at ease,

Relaxed.

The Atlantic Ocean has deep blue relaxing waters,
Sandy rocks being washed by wild waters,
Washed away all the old memories,
Makes the future feel wanted,
Excitement.

The Atlantic Ocean now has deep blue exciting waters,
Sandy rocks finally gone,
New memories to make,
Past is forgotten, future is a waiting,
Happiness.

By: Eaylor Hulen



Beauty in Flight

In this frozen tundra a strong wall made by mountains stops the eye from seeing beyond it, inside these walls is striking beauty,

true to the heart,

right behind the majestic mountain stands a small hill leading to the mountain covered in pine trees.

this hill looks almost as if it never changes in height but yet still stretches as far as the mountains does.

Right under this hill stands a baron of snow covered land stretching to the lake that rests in this valley of these mountains,

with ice forming in the water

around the coast lines and small leafless vegetation all around the open parts.

As the more the sun starts to die down the more you can see the sky reflect orange with that slight pigment of blue,

without a cloud in the sky. Under the brown wall stands the hill with the green of the pine trees reflecting off the white

barely tinted orange snow covering every inch in the valley.

With the snowing running seemingly untouched all the way till it touches the cold generous lake.

which around the lake has almost a foot of ice extending into it,

tricking the minds of any living form, looking as if it was land.

But on the edge of this lake lay three eagles standing in an open with snow so short you can see the tips of the grass

that still reflect green and brown but with small trees about the size of the eagles nearby looking naked without heir leaves.

The three birds look as if they were a family and the one farthest from the lake

looked as if it was waiting it's turn for something. And the eagle in the middle stood tall with his head high as if he was looking around as if he was the King of Birds, but the one closest to the lake stood

with his head turned at an angle towards the ground with a fish at his feet and stood as the Bird of III Omen,

he stood and was continuing to earn his name.

As most birds flew south for this time of the year these birds stayed strong proving this truly was their home not just their summer house,

this valley was home to them and as nothing else stirred around that baron sight behind these birds. Soe say that mountains are a gateway, others will as to what?

By: Kole Knott

Feisty Friend

By: Paige Ehrecke

I am going to the barn today to relieve my mind of stress.

Ask if I'm excited and I will say, "Oh yes!"

I smile upon seeing Santana,
grazing across the pasture.
She pricks her ears and prances
and she seems to say,
"Come and get me, come on—let's play!"
The she trots away, with her mouth full of hay,
And I laugh at her high spirits.

She doesn't mind taking me for a ride, so I hop onto her back.

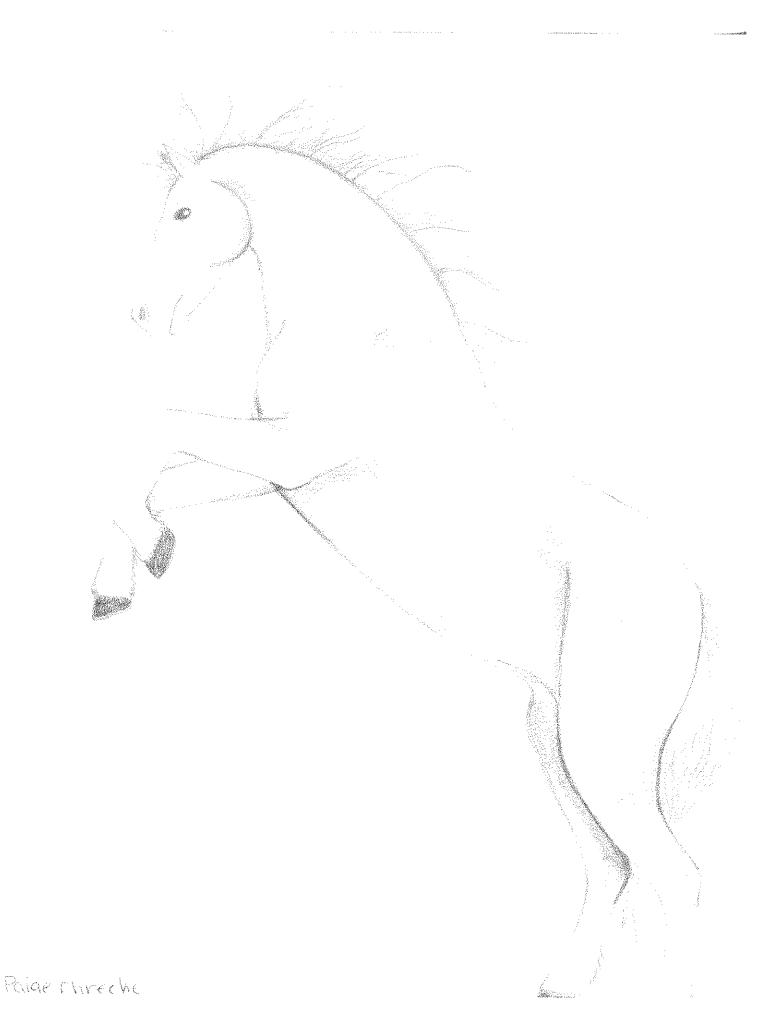
And for a few moments everything is peaceful, Until Santana gets excited and...

WHOOSH! Off we go!

Her hooves pound fiercely on the ground and I whisper in her ear,

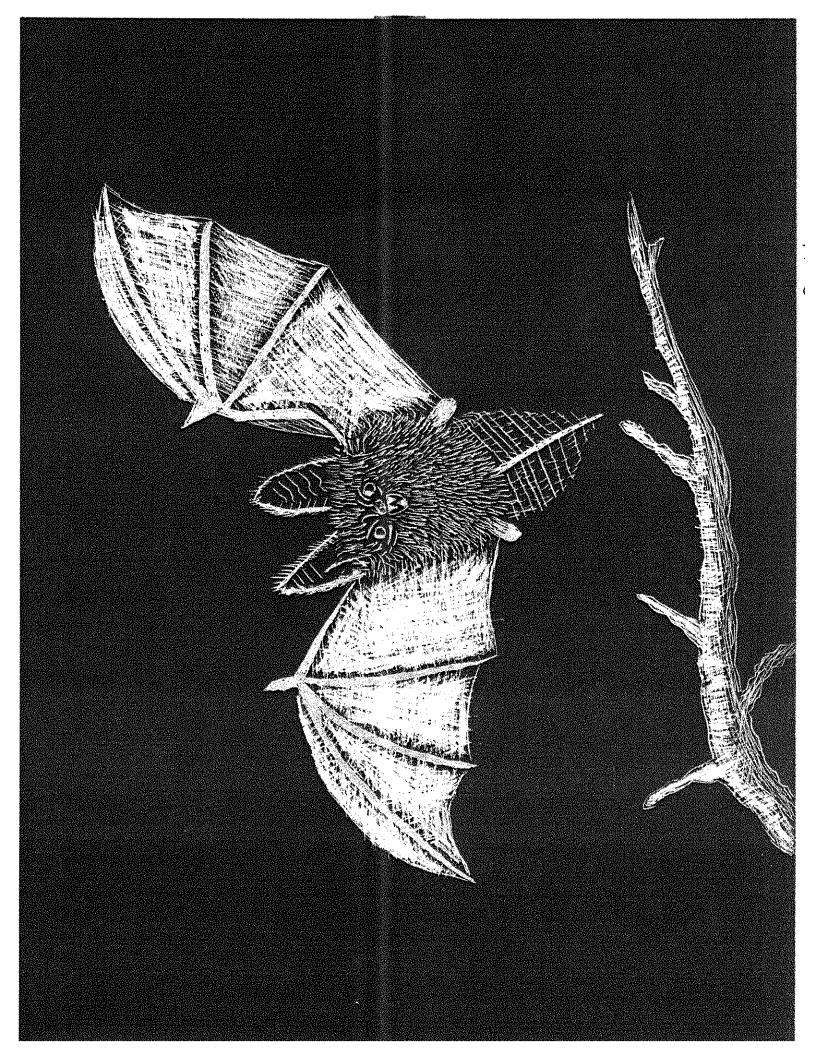
"No wonder you love running—it feels as if we're flying!"

And that is why riding is amazing—I get to spend time with my feisty friend, and It makes me feel so happy and free!



Dream: Artist.

Can't draw stick people.



Lost and Found is My Hero

Different Sports, Same Athlete Brett Gallens

I am a soccer phenomenon and a golfer in progress

I wonder how high my score will score will soar this round
I hear the roar of the crowd as I dribble down the field
I see my ball soar through the air and land in the fairway
I want win a State Title with the North Scott Lancers soccer
team

I am a soccer phenomenon and a golfer in progress.

I pretend I am as good as Bobby and Jack Wolfe
I feel the adrenaline rushing through my body as the first
whistle blows

I touch the fresh cut grass as I walk to retrieve my ball I worry I will allow the other team to score and defeat us I cry fore when my ball goes off course and threatens to hit someone

I am a soccer phenomenon and a golfer in progress

I understand that you can't win every game and I'm okay with that

I say practice makes perfect and never give up
I dream of receiving the soccer state trophy
I try to become a part of the hole-in-one club
I hope that I will continue to play these sports throughout
my life

I am a soccer phenomenon and a golfer in progress

Brady Verbrugge

SUCCESS











Living Life Like It's Never Ending



A Matter of Importance

By: Sarah Riedel

The young woman walked along the paved sidewalks of New York with nothing more than a silk purse clutched in her hand. Perhaps she should have been escorted by her beaux or the luxury of a carriage, and she knew this, but the woman felt no fear traveling alone with so many others around her — so many rich others.

She had nothing to fear. Only the wealthy traveled these upper class Manhattan streets. At any given moment dozens of other women like herself passed each other and exchanged pleasantries. Men in tailored suites tipped their hats and nodded politely to them as well.

Her polished shoes clicked softly against the pavement as she continued forward beside the stores and sweet shops. Occasionally, the young woman paused to admire the various window displays, but soon continued onward, as if she knew exactly where she was headed.

Another woman in a pastel blue skirt and matching hat smiled politely to her as they passed and left the young lady wondering lightly if they knew each other. Someone dressed that finely ought to be worth knowing, she concluded.

The thought was interrupted with a shout from the street corner. Startled from her own world, the young woman and several other passer byes turned to look at the source.

A newsboy.

Not just any well dressed, rosy cheeked newsboy, but a scrawny, badly dressed, dirt stained youth. All mindsets of the on lookers, including herself, changed from curiosity to distain.

Of all the wretched things.

At the corner of the street she looked at the boy who stuck out like a sore thumb against the gentlemen in suits and boys in untorn trousers. She glanced over at his ragged attire with distaste. A person like him had no place here.

No doubt he was mildly attractive for a young man, not that the young woman would dare admit aloud. However, in her eyes he was still a boy doing child's work. Perhaps if he bathed, wore a decent set of clothing instead of a shirt stolen from the trash, and found himself a proper occupation, he could be a more handsome youth.

The young man stood patiently, watching the people around him as he held several newspapers. The rest were stacked next to his dirty boots.

He would do better off being subtle, but subtlety was not a newsboy's forte, now was it? Tact as well. He had every right to be selling on the street corner, though no one thought so.

As she approached, the newsboy spotted her and removed his worn cap with a false smile.

"Good mornin' miss. A pape for the mister?" He offered with a thick street accent. Unaffected by his charms, the young woman moved past him without ever looking the boy's direction. She was appalled. The street wretch dared to speak directly to her. He asked her for money!

Flustered by the encounter, she wondered briefly how anyone could stoop so low in life. Was it possible a newsboy was the lowest of them all? They were children with no future, bound to become drunks and criminals. Newsboys were filthy and abandoned whelps who thrived in the city slums and infested every street corner.

All of them ungoverned, uncivilized children of the streets.

How could any mother condemn her child to such a fate? Those children were born to simply be abandoned in an alley. God forbid she ever did that — when she had children.

Suddenly, a collection of fashionable hats caught the young woman's attention from behind a lovely bay window, She paused remembering her mother's lunch party tomorrow. In all honesty she needed a proper hat to wear, and the ones she owned had already made an appearance once before. What would the other women think of her if she wore them again?

The thought terrified her.

By the time she walked through the shop door, the newsboy and his petty problems had been forgotten. After all, there were much more important people to think about.

Big Foot: Mystery

Such a mystery that surrounds this world
One that may never be unfurled
The mystery that people love so much
Big Foot has left a lasting touch.

With fur so brown and eight feet high
To see him would be anyone's prize.
No matter what people think, he is no fool
To stay hidden from sight is his golden rule.

Why is it he hides from us?
Have we done something that makes it a must?
Or is it something he's done
That always keeps him on the run?

Some people believe, so do not Some would like this mystery to rot. Like it or not, he could be out there Hiding, listening in a forest somewhere.

By: John Black

I AM...

I am adventurous and bubbly

I wonder what new possibilities will present themselves

I hear laughter

I see new objects and ideas

I want to be known as a joyful person

I am adventurous and bubbly

I pretend to live in my perfect world

I feel excited and curious

I touch my hopes and dreams

I worry about taking a wrong turn in the road

I cry when my journey comes to an end

I am adventurous and bubbly

I understand I have much to learn in life

I say words of encouragement to others

I dream of discovering new cures and therapies

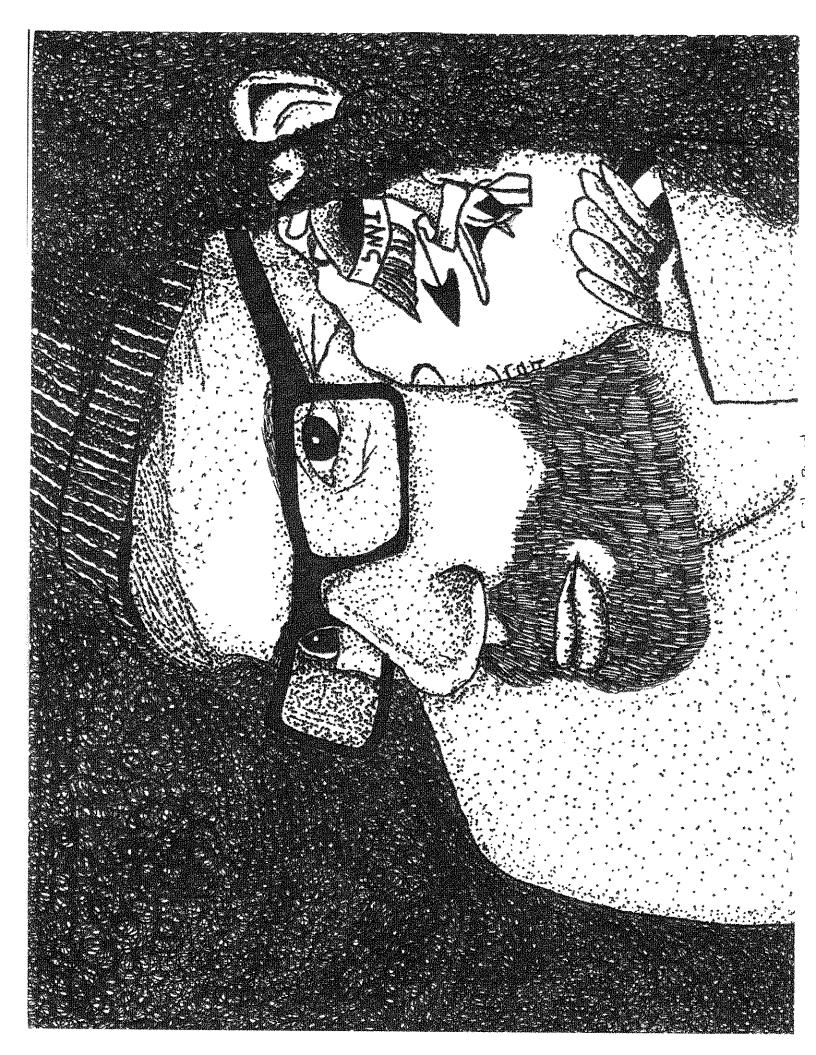
I try to be happy and pleasant

I hope to share my discoveries with the world

I am adventurous and bubbly



Living life like It's Never Ending



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I am adventurous and bubbly

Cecelia Behnke 10th grade



I can, because this is America

---Mike Haas

The Big Mammal

Elephants graze the land
Below their feet
Green grass and stand
Beautiful mountains in the sunshine
Elephants run in a perfect line.

The summer sun has them looking for shade White tusks curl, cause that's how they're made.

What a sight to see, them looking for land With families by their side, makes it grand. Elephants stay close, to feel safe and secure. White birds flay, with their wings wide and pure.

Elephants in the shade, to escape the hot sun. They munch on grub, watching babies have fun.

Staying in a group protects them from the wild.

Elephants graze the land

Below their feet

Green grass and sand

Beautiful mountains in the the sunshine

Elephants run in a perfect line.

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THE INNOCENCE REMAINS IN ALL OF US

Katie Meier

A memory resides in our hopeful hearts, because a creation has been found,

When you childhood innocence was stolen and was never found,

The loud sounds of guilt to hide from the world,

Here, you have more chances to succeed,

The pictures on a painting were spread by a mystical brush,

Never ending maps of joy painted by peace,

Scattered on the ground were golden leaves,

But usually travels through strong gusts of wind,

Very peculiar is the ghost like mist of the morning,

The man's courage was hidden by uncertainty,

He was released there with the help of the mysterious men,

The men pieced together the house's mystery,

The strong determination was based on their knowledge of the house's history,

In many different directions, the narrow hallways lead to,

To us, the rooms in the house are crowded,

The mood switches to happy when the music plays,

I peer downwards at the unfortunate world from my high throne,

For an opportunity to win, my life rested on her shoulders,

Each in the cold, with a white sky.

l Can Always Make It Better!

Dead Eyes

Sohvi Pihlajamaki

```
Eyes, those burning eyes,
Gaze up at me
With silent hunger and questions,
Even though I've done nothing wrong
They hunt me,
Burnt into my brain,
My thoughts forevermore
      Stained
By cruelty and ruthlessness
Of mankind -
Oh! What wrong I've done, and seen,
Not by my hand but theirs,
But I remained silent
Just like the silence of the dead who surround me,
Ones who no more have a voice,
Nothing more left in this world for them but,
      Pain,
      Suffering,
And finally,
      Death.
I have seen the atrocious deeds of heartless human kind,
But still I utter no words,
I close my eyes.
The others deny
What I know for a fact
Let the dead claim the voices,
Unjustly taken from them.
Let them be remembered...
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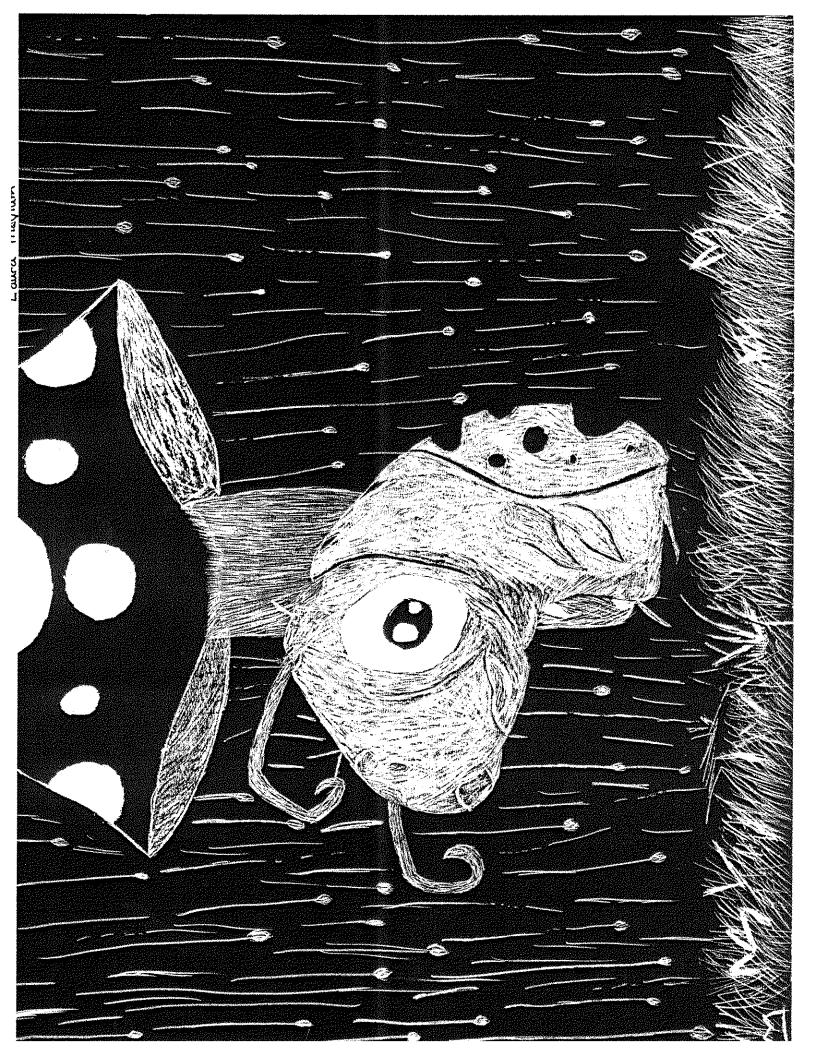
My Strength

Ronní Storjohann

I am an athlete and powerful beyond belief
I wonder how much farther I can push myself
I hear the crowd chanting my name
I see my enemy's terrified faces
I want to be the best there is
I am an athlete and powerful beyond belief

I pretend not to feel pain
I feel my legs burning
I touch the sweat dripping down my face
I worry I will not be the best
I cry after a tough loss
I am an athlete and powerful beyond belief

I understand I can always get better
I say nothing is impossible
I dream of winning state
I try to push myself to the limits
I hope my hard work pays off
I am an athlete and powerful beyond belief



There, There Dear

There, there dear, it is okay, they mean well; they want you to be happy and to be the best person possible: I know they can come off a bit psychotic but that is just how they are; They just don't get it; they never have; That is what you think, but I have been around much longer than you have. Now, this is what you must do; you have to make them feel like you agree one hundred percent with everything they say, even if you do not; you must make them believe that you do. Next, you must set yourself aside and care for other people; Do not look at me like that, I say these things in good faith that you will take them to heart; Also try and do what they ask of you, when they ask you to, no matter how minuscule it might be; Do not put anything off, you know how doing that upsets them. Darlin', you have to realize that you're older, therefore they expect more from you; Listen to what they have to say; Don't talk back to your elders; Be open minded, to show maturity; Don't act the way we used to as children, constantly running around in a pasture with cows; You are practically a woman now, please act like one; Remember when you used to drop your jaw in awe when Mom would dress up? You said she looked like the ladies on TV, well Hon, you could look like those ladies on TV by acting like a grown, educated, and delicate lady; But not so delicate that you let people walk all over you; You have to be strong, like the accent you tend to have when you visit our home; You want them to be proud of you, don't you? Well, yes, of course I want them to be proud of me; Okay then, do as I advise and I'm sure they will be extremely proud of you.

Tabby Roberts

COMICS SUSSET 5 りょう

LIFE

Sometimes I wish it would stop, Sometimes I wish it would happen, This life is just something I love and hate, It continues to move but it never waits,

Sometimes I wish it would stop,
Sometimes I wish it would happen,
Life is just something we go through,
to help define who we are,
Trials of pain and of Joy
are the tools the Deities employ,

Sometimes I wish it would stop,
Sometimes I wish it would happen,
My mother say's I'm lucky,
to have what I have today,
Sometimes I do,
and at other times I don't.

Either way, I'm alive today, So let me live my life.

By: Cosette Wymore

Brotherhood

The newsboy, the jack-of-all-trades, the youth with a voice, A colorful, cheeky voice, strong willed and stubborn Between scattered streets and narrow alleys, Lodging in temporary shelters of doorways and city curbs.

He is shadowed by abandoned hopes and forgotten dreams. Working without ever receiving glory.

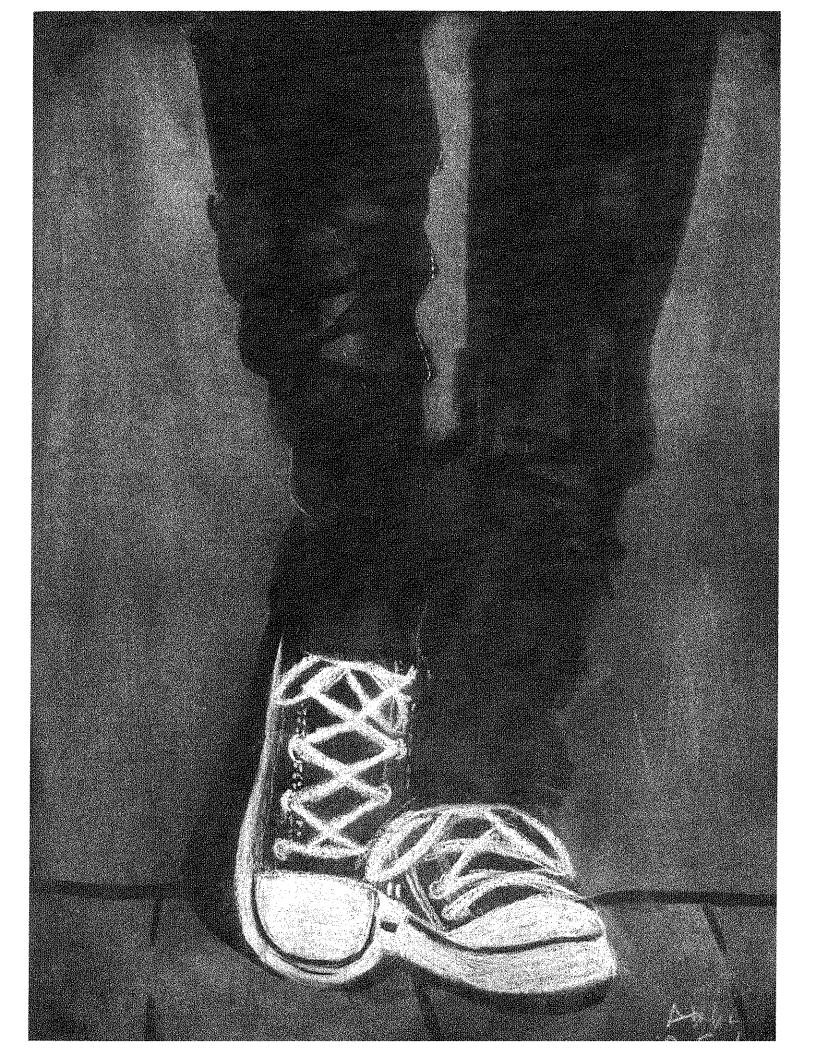
Cards flip, marbles scatter. Papers lay forgotten

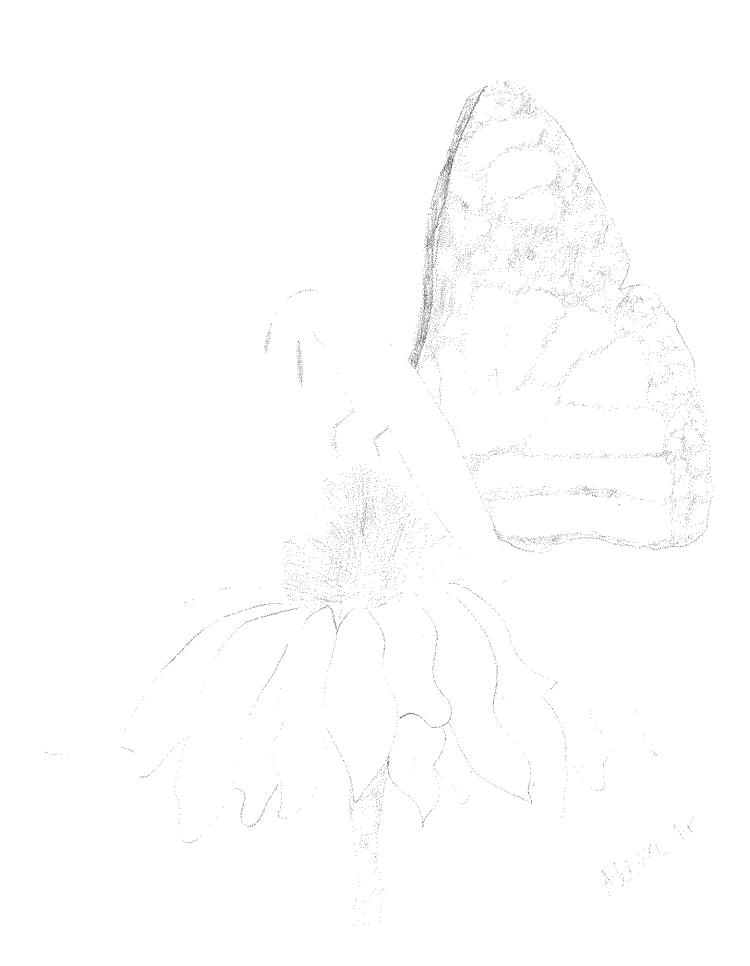
A whistle shrieks — he not delay a single second. "Urchin," the low, filthy, rotten word is snarled at him, But as the man jeers, the rascal disappears, He ran when the cops chased, clubs in hand.

Child do not worry, family is not made of flesh. Instead, if we can afford to put or trust in one another. Will they come to his aid or turn away?

His friends did all they could. He needed them. The came. He will remember his brothers by their selflessness.

Sarah Riedel





MY METHOD OF MADNESS

This is how you get up even though you don't want to; this is how you make yourself presentable for people whose opinion you don't care about in the first place; this is how to walk to school and how to daydream whilst you walk; it's a boring walk. I know, but keep attent enough not to get struck by passing cars., this is how you enter a building you dislike, more for its purpose than it's grotesque look; this is how you get to your locker and open it, it takes a couple of tries, this is how you leave your stuff unguarded, not that anybody wants it; this is how you meet up with friends; and this is how to stay until the bell tolls-for whom does it too?-Never mind that; this is how you get through the morning; this is how you get to lunch, where you must also act respectably, I might add; this is how you get through the day with little or no friction at all; this is how you get through a school week; this is how you wake up Saturday thinking you won't have to work; this is how you work and suck it up; this is how you finally have the afternoon to yourself; this is how you've spent half your weekend already; this is how you wake up Sunday; this is how you prepare for church; this is how you get to church, late, again; this is how you sing in church; this is how you sit brain-dead through the service; this is how you go to Sunday School and watch time fly; this is how you call friends up and drive them to Youth Group Sunday night; this is how you realize you've got school the next day; want more advice?-Well, I've really got to-Now this is about your becoming, for in you lies the future of the name; this is how to be a man; this is how to act like a man; this is how to talk like a man; this is how to treat a lady; this is how you must walk, chest out, chin up; show some confidence, this is how you shave, this is how you behave; this is how you persevere; this is how you exceed, heaven knows your peers won't; you remember you've been chosen, correct?-Yes, but what does that have to do with-This is how you take care of someone; this is how you wish, remember the wish flowers; this is how to look at the clouds and make them out to be something else; this is how to lead a crowd and make them follow you to the end, you are their lifeline; learn from those before you; follow their advice but not their mistakes; "and what's more, you'll be a man, my son;"-Oh, so Kipling's in on this too?-



The Concert

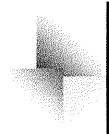
I experienced the change in the brutal ambiance, Witnessed chaos transform into music.

Dancing in unison, heaving vicious elbows, Hauling human forms, frames and figures Across a sea of hundreds of supporting hands.

Intense rhythms that unburden my soul, Send away my stresses To a place where hate ceases to exist, Where the feeling of nirvana reigns supreme.

And as my sense of reality returned
From my feeling of paradise,
I returned to my mundane routines that are as endless
As the stars of the expansive night sky.
But I hope with many wishes
That I may purify my troubled mind once more.

By: Will Aden



TOOL OF YOUR GOD

Speak the ideas of individuality,
The scheduled precision of mundane worlds, far from freedom
Lose the apathy of coddling serenade and monotonic routine
Why trace the subtly constrained edges of a normal life
Apathy, melody
The string-less guitar cannot be tuned
But child, don't set your heart on purgatory, rather, excitement

Speak the ideas of individuality,
Breaking the chains of the monotonous melody
And seizing the heart of man, thrusting him into the jungle of his humanity
The fantastic vehicle of systematic rule breaking

Speak the ideas of individuality
The music majesty rings in the ears of a commoner
And he sleeps away the days of his life, a walking comatose
Emotion pierces the bitter, sad shell of monotony

Speak the ideas of individuality
And though the bonds of order have been shattered
A degree of conformity to the natural harmony is necessary for allegiance
We must find the order of nature within the chaos of the jungle beats
Exploring the eye of Katrina, lest one be taken by the storm

Speak the ideas of individuality Upon the canvas, a beautiful culture Refreshingly unique and overtly free Passion, harmony Freedom

Aaron Drenter

Wrong Judges: Under Your Skin

By: Kasey Denison

Endless battle Ageless hate You would think such hatred, Would be out of date. The North may have won But the war is still alive Taking victims of color Leaving whites behind. Society holds the clutch And puts our thoughts in drive Giving us the impression Of who is the bad guy. Still imprisoned by discrimination Colored stands fearless Treading on through judgment Racism has been cureless. We all live We all breathe We all laugh And we all sing So why are some put down By the color of their skin?

いいんとう ことるい

JAM...

By Anthony Curlott

I am a SpeeEchie and a brother
I wonder when Emily will come back to see me
I hear the announcement over the intercom that says "Speech meeting"

I see Emily's '69 Camaro

I want to make Allstate large group and individuals

I am a SpeeEchie and a brother

I pretend to think that I have a good British accent
I feel happy after talking to Nate or Emily
I touch the book before our performance of Reader's Theatre
I worry about my sibling's safety in college
I cry when we do a great performance at competition
I am a SpeeEchie and a brother

I understand that the casting process is long and difficult

I say bye tog often to my bro and sign

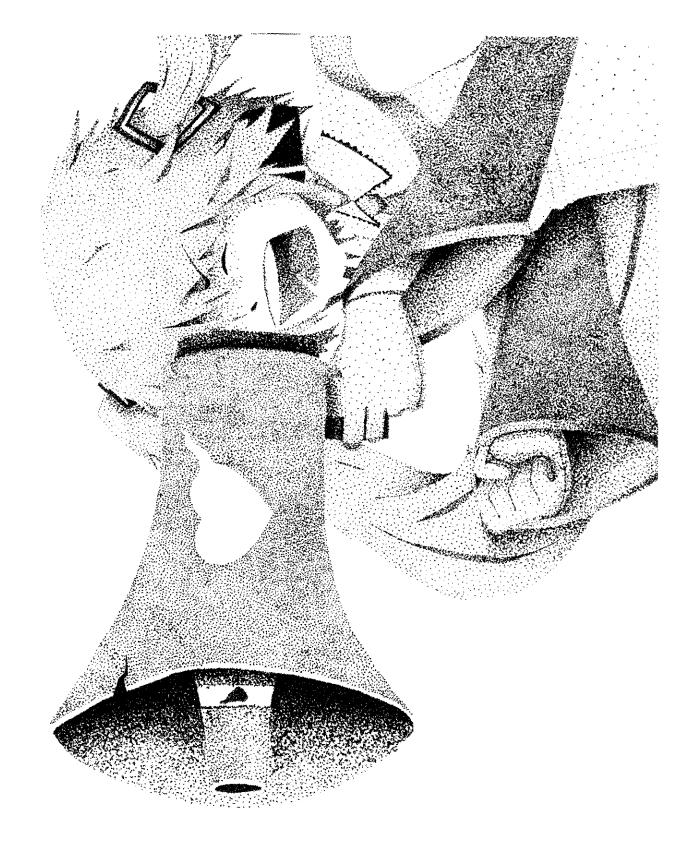
I dream of getting more SpeeEch points than Amy

I try to understand what Emily is talking about

I hope that both of my siblings come back and help with SpeeEch

I am a SpeeEchie and a brother







One Team, One Goal, No Limits

The game is strength
The long journey awaits us here
By each other we sit side by side
Focused our minds on one goal

By slight margins we trail the competitor Determination of the opponent is as strong as steel Determination of the other, would drive the spirit

Cease the opportunity of preparation

Our prime of talent is but a glimpse of work
Step up to the line
The smooth wood was silent, all ten explode
Each shot identical to the other
A perfect balance of roll and slide

She waits; and listens for the words
Success we found, did us great pleasure
The goal was reached, should fans be joyed
She beamed with pride to see them prevail
Graced with desire her spirit was

With each time the end is nearer Shake a hand and say good bye

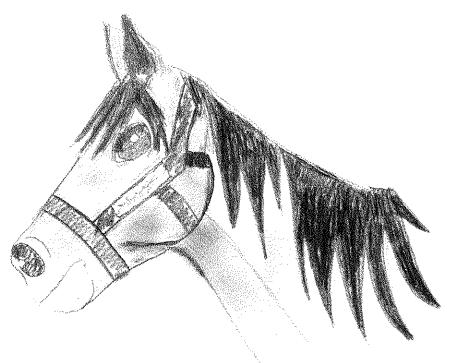
By: Katelyn Tharp

Grace

Allie Spickerman

Arrive at ballet class on time—the whole class doesn't need to wait because of your tardiness; wear pink tights, they help to show the line of your legs; never leave your hair in a ponytail, it should be in a tight bun; stand up straight, you'll never have any grace if you slouch at the bar; deepen your plie—it will make your leaps higher; if your leaps aren't high enough you will never make it in the Ballet Industry; wear a solid-colored leotard, they help everyone look uniform during class; keep your arms strong—you don't want to appear weak; this is how you do a pirouette and not wobble, and this is how you do several pirouettes without falling; if you keep looking at your feet you will never acquire grace; never forget about your center, it is the base of all your movements, move away from the bar, your arms shouldn't be bent like that; why are your knees bent?, if your knees are bent it means you won't have strong balance, which you need for an arabesque; keep your head up when doing a ponche—it will help your leg stay steady; always wear canvas shoes instead of leather so that they are more flexible; practice your vocabulary—if you don't know what words mean how can you execute the move correctly?; keep your back straight; use your head spots to whip your turns around faster; don't flex your foot when doing a batma, it does not look pretty; this is how to stand in first position correctly—you must turn something with exercises at the bar; keep your chin up;try and have more grace; your hair is falling out of your bun, put it back in place; this is how you can leap across the studio in only two grand jetes; be lighter on your feet, you have no grace, but I do have grace; obviously we have more work to do.

Cecelia Behrike 10th grade



Mondo Leave

3 (and Frinks)

On Our J-(eart-s)



Deceiving

Joe Polinchock

In a world where trade and bargain is not enough, These ideas be jargon, with the diamond in the rough.

The diamond turned black with it is keepers ignorance, Materialism evolves while celebrating a war dance,

It prances through corruption disregarding history, Destroying our founder's domain, but why is a mystery,

The founder's allegiance of beliefs said, God was a ledge, Some fall, some stray, failing to free from materialism's false pledge,

In honor stand tall and recite the old pledge, "Under God indivisible with liberty and justice for all."

I Feel Ignored

Tabitha Jo Moeller

I sit with you at lunch, but you have your back turned to me.

I saw you were talking to her.

But isn't she the girl you **supposedly** hate? You know the girl you say is mean and overweight?

The whole time you were talking to her, you paid very little if any attention to me.

I feel ignored.

I sit next to you and when the teacher lets us talk you talk to her. But isn't she the girl you **supposedly** hate? You know the girl you say is mean and overweight?

And those guys that sit next to us, making mean jokes about us. You laugh and join in with those guys and her.

The whole class, you don't pay much attention to me.

I feel ignored.

After school when we're texting each other, I know you're most likely talking to her.

You tell me "Ew the hippo's coming over to spend the night." Then you happily hang out with her.

But isn't she the girl you **supposedly** hate? You know the girl you say is mean and overweight?

The whole time she's at your house you complain to me, saying she's mean. Every day you tell me she pisses you off.

If she pisses you off so much then why do you hang out with her? Because when you are with her, you ignore me.

Why do you hangout with the girl you tell me you hate?
Why do you hang out with the girl you say is mean and overweight?
More importantly, why is it that when you're with her you make me feel ignored?



Sarah Riedel



Night of the Forlorn Soul

T'was a young man who roamed the streets at night.

By dark cobblestone river to wash away

Feeling an urge to live, to prey
Once again courtyards lit by life's glowing sorrow.

A tree dead beneath winter's storm

The same lies in stock tomorrow

Follow thou instincts, not by heart.

The stone walls begin to crumble

Voices echo along the alleyway

Come to me world, won't you stay?

A life forgotten thrown away.



The Purifying Doctrine

Connor Kavanaugh

Behind an iron bound portal, There lies a dark descent to pain, Which elicits cries of utmost terror And humiliating agony.

Questions, "Who is your god?"
And "Why isn't he mine?"
Plague the ears of those mistakenly
Betrothed to the "Wrong" deity.

Shrouded in a maiden of metal Pierced by blades of smiting Burning in a divine fire, seeking An answer for this unprovoked Hell.

Once purged, the shell that was human Steps from the veil, and crumples, Eyes cast upward seeking a symbol of forgiveness. The eyes only see darkness.



JFK Poem

On the afternoon if November 22, 1963
The way the U.S. was viewed by others had forever been changed.
As some may say the sought after President has been assassinated.
John F. Kennedy was shot in the head and pronounced dead that night.

Kennedy and his wife went to visit Texas, While in the motorcade Kennedy smiles and waves as if he is the happiest President alive.

Through the silent afternoon a loud shot rings out, BANG, the President has been shot.

The bang startled everyone, kids and adults were running frantically President Kennedy was shot in the head When he was shot his head fell "Back and the left" Some say it was Roy Harvey Oswald Some say it was numerous shots from numerous angles.

To this day we don't know who killed the President Some believe the Government played part, Many believe the killer(s) not yet found The only thing we know is we lost a very special man that day.

-Ben Engler



You Are Too Old

Don't act like someone you're not; don't be someone different when you're around certain people; please stop using cuss words every five seconds—it's not necessary; stop over-exaggerating every story you tell; don't lie in front of people who know the truth; always tell the truth; don't talk bad about someone directly to their friends—it's not smart; listen to your friends when they are trying to tell you something; don't seem oblivious to obvious problems; but I really don't know where the problems are coming from; try to help someone with a problem rather than trying to top theirs; let other people talk once in awhile; don't always be the center of attention; keep your clothes on even if it is hot out; try not to make people feel uncomfortable; don't laugh at everything you say; pretending to be dumb isn't cute anymore; quit complaining about every task that is given to you; don't turn something small into something big; never plan anything too far in advance, because life can change any second; don't count on someone being there for you when you weren't there for them; using people isn't nice; but I'm not using them, I'm just being friendly; realizing why you're losing friends is an important part of making new ones; deal with issues in a mature way; learn how to be a trustworthy friend; never trust anyone who wouldn't trust you; don't turn someone's misfortune into your personal fortune; encouraging people makes you a more positive person; don't drag others down with you; when people give you compliments, return the favor; friendship isn't a one-way street; if you feel like you're in the wrong crowd, then you're probably right; pretending is just as bad as lying; never change yourself unless its for the better; if you have nothing nice to say, don't say anything at all; think about what you're going to say before you say it; don't judge a person before you know them; everyone including you gets second chances; when you make a mistake, learn from it-don't do it again; treat others the way you want to be treated

Jana Berens

Only For the Heartless

By: Amy Berhenke

Why didn't you say anything as I poured my heart out? Were you scattered thoughts of different girls? Was it their lips, and hair all you could think about? Why do you want to tear us apart with violence?

Would hiding or running be my best idea or not When there is a painful thought that stirs inside of me, But with the power of love no one should ever be shunned As the heart poured out, but why should the end be so soon?

But on the day of the awakening I will shout. This will make all the difference, when it comes to us When those happy thoughts come back around And in the end you will be surrounded in silence.

For it does not matter if he needs me or not? His mind is a the only thing stopping his thought in a sea of green, But his hands hold the key to my heart, there is only one. Someday he will hear my heart saying, "I will always love you."



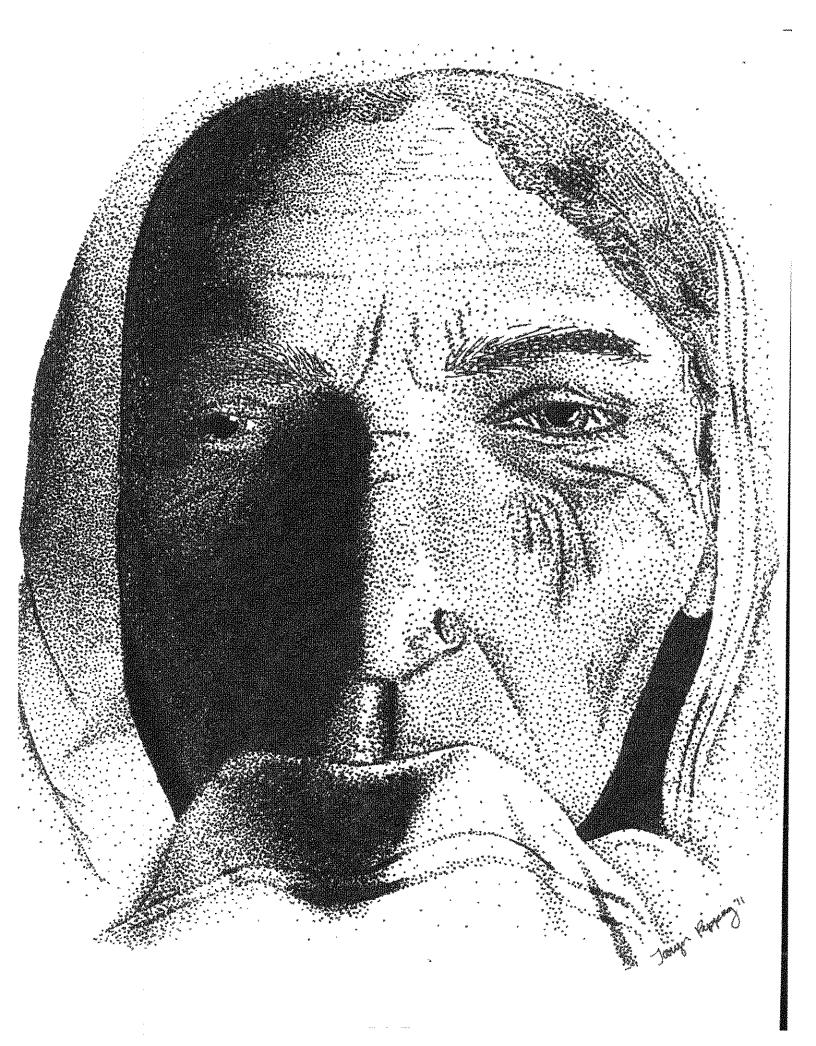
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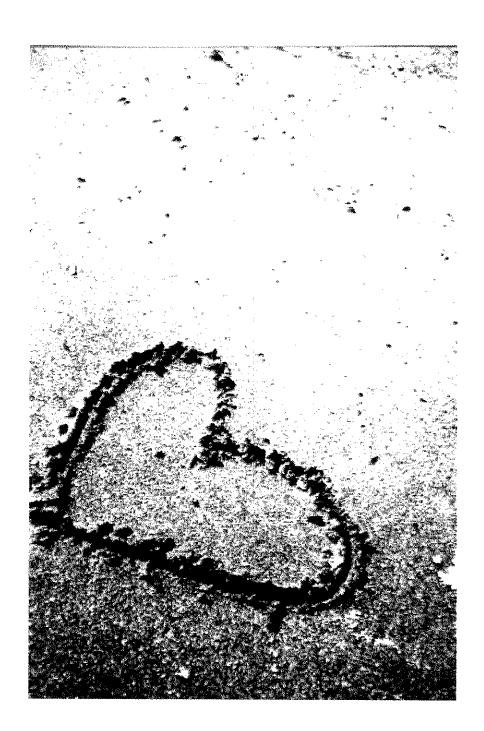
Apathy of Man

In civilization men who gravel the floor, prosper of sooner corruption. Their greed blankets their unholy grace with their practiced destruction. Literature, roles, and films of all those villains describe their superb in some of their persuasive option obligation towards power. When it spoke with meaning it must of practically mutilated then murdered for such honor. It's an easy bribe for their immortality glorious unlimited void. To imagine these pieces of creature, known as Men

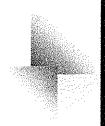
few people taunt them to enable their rage.

By: Alex Keinrath





- July

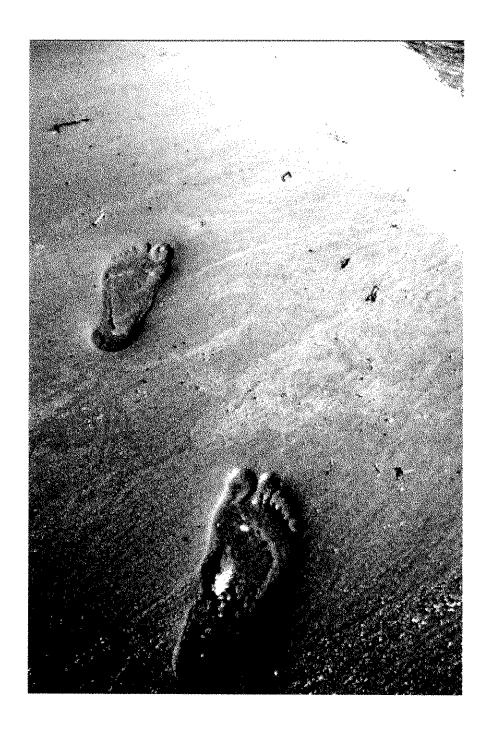


MR. IRRELEVANT

Who dat? Who dat you say? Dat is hope. Dat is success and faith. Dat is belief in action, belief with legs. Dat is da saints, da essence of a city still facing adversity half a decade lata'. You ask why? Why we band together ova' some lil' Fleur-de-lis We cried, get us out dis mess but y'all left us ta' floatin' cars and rooftops and now, 5 years lata' we still in traila's cause y'all listened to some ignorant box that said everything that could be done was, y'all left us to FEMA. Well guess what, at your blind eye they dubbed us insignificant, called us aint's. and gave birth to a new identity, Mr. Irrelevent.

By: Jordon Keen

Without friends and family, I'M Nothina



JUT JUT

Challenger's Legacy

By: Dana Suiter

The weather was perfect, the sky was clear,
While the Kennedy Space Center prepared to launch the
Challenger.

A beautiful Tuesday, full of excitement.

The children watched with pride as their teacher boarded the shuttle.

A historic flight was about to ignite. History will be changed forever.

A twist of fate, no on could anticipate.

Who would have thought that a dream could vanish in a matter of 73 seconds.

Time stopped, people stared in disbelief.
What just happened?

A ball of fire,
A white cloud of smoke,
The debris trickled down the sky.
What just happened?

Major malfunction were the words they heard.

Watching as the vehicle disintegrates.

Seven lives are lost.

What just happened?



Two Sisters

Two Sisters – opposites in every way – standing in the street, preparing to leave home and walk away from Everything they know.

The eldest sorrowful and downbeat, Blonde hair, white shoes and a giant frown, Her heels dug in, refusing to move To face reality, so she turns away

Holding whatever she can carry.

The youngest cheerful and searching, Dark hair, black shoes and a small smile, Her head held high, ready to go To welcome the future

Owning nothing but her clothes.

Two Sisters – opposites in every way – standing in the street, preparing to leave home and walk away from Each other.

Kaylene Turner



ţ

BARRIERS

BY: JAMIE FRAUEN

Who was I, who am I now?
I was sure I wanted this, but now I'm not sure that I want this at all.

It's perfectly clear, you don't listen. It's hopeless.
You've completely missed the point.
You put memories in my mind,
But it was my own vision, what more could have gone wrong?

Almost invisible after long nights being with you Here I lie close by.

What chance does one have to lose?
As one barrier fades another one is being built.
There are times when my whole mind stops when I'm with you.

We all began to see
My heart demands to be with you.
The question is how do I trust someone to hold my heart.

HOOKED

12 million Americans Using Illegal drugs

Cocaine being snorted Heroin being injected Marijuana being smoked Meth being injected

Our American youth
Damaged;
Early sexual activity
Delinquency
Involvement in the criminal justice system.

billion dollars
Used for drug related;
Illnesses
Deaths
Crimes

Drug related medical emergencies At a Historic high.

America's illegal drug problem
Is
Serious.

Help.

Hatred of these minorities the religion the color the language

Minorities held against their will the Africans ...Asians ...Hispanics

Will they be treated like this forever?

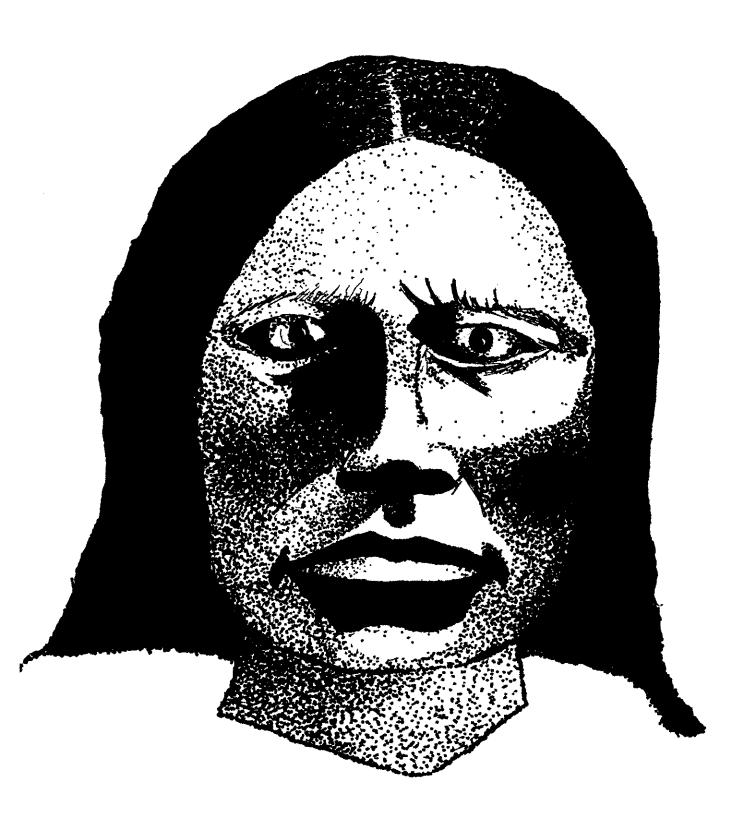
the wars

the slavery

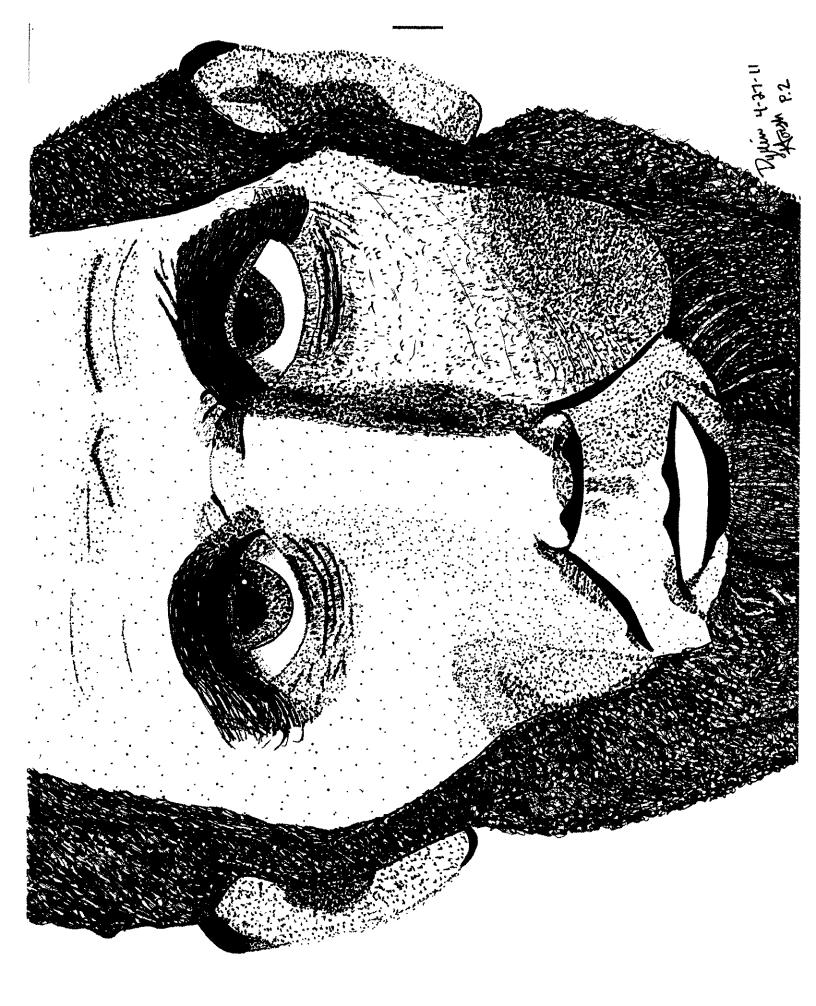
the camps

Forever the racism stands the "species" ..."savages" ..."dark people"

Katy Timmerman



lev which



Welcome To My Silly Life

I am strong-willed and proud.

I wonder why things happen the way they do.

I hear rumors and lies... constantly.

I see wrong-doers being praise and saints being ignored.

I want to change the world.

I am strong willed and proud.

I pretend as if things don't bother me.

I feel like I shouldn't have to.

I touch lives in my future.

I worry that people will never change.

I cry because of the stupid things I've done.

I am strong-willed and proud.

I understand that I'm just one person.

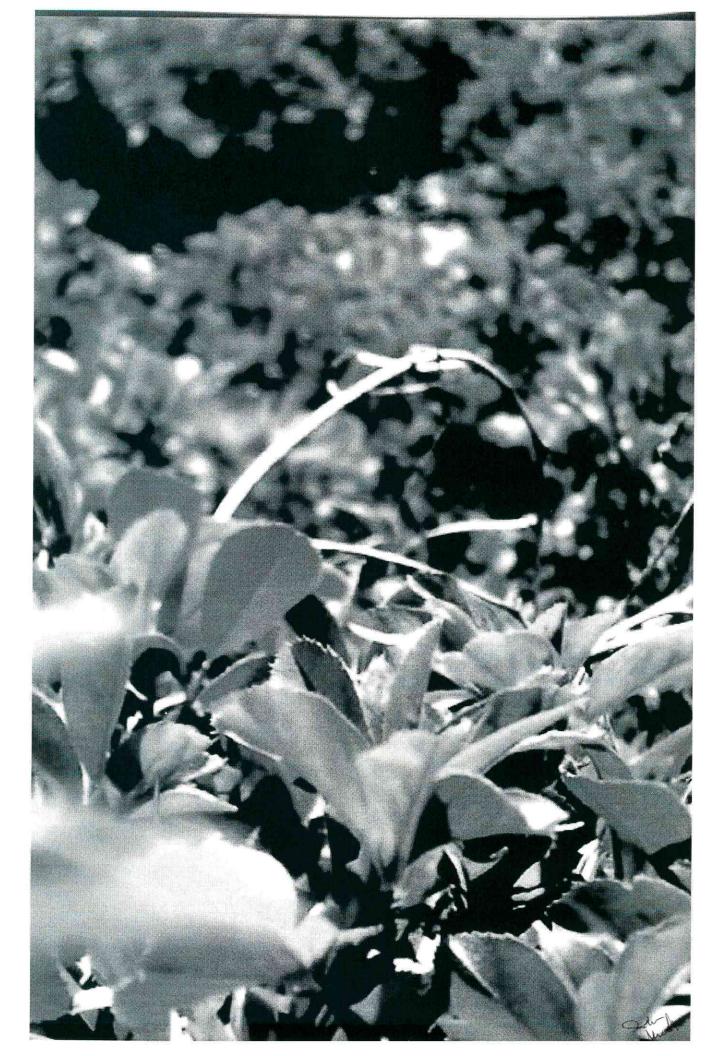
I say to never give up on life.

I dream of a day that is painless.

I hope that I will amount to something great.

I am strong-willed and proud.

-Tabby Roberts



What Good...

CANDICE JACKSON

WHAT GOOD ARE YOUR TEARS WHEN THEY WILL NOT SPARE THEIR LIVES?
WHAT GOOD IS OUR CONCERN TO A SICK CHILD THAT HAS NO FAITH?
OUR TEARS DON'T MEAN MUCH WITH OUT ACTION PRAYERS AND NO ACTION WILL NOT STOP IT.

FEAR, HUNGER, AND DISEASE STRUCK DARFUR CASUALTIES REACHING IN THE HUNDREDS EVERY DAY BEGAN WITH ACCUSATIONS LEADING INTO A MASSIVE DEATH BED FOR MANY

BEFORE THE DAY IS OVER
MANY WILL DIE FOR NOT WHAT THEY DID,
BUT FOR WHERE THEY LIVE.
WHAT GOOD ARE WE IF WE DO NOT STOP THIS MADNESS?

TRUCES HAVE BEEN SIGNED
YET CIVILIANS ARE STILL NOT AT EASE AND MANY STILL
CONTINUE TO DIE
NO ONE SHOULD HAVE TO LIVE IN A WAR ZONE.
WHAT GOOD ARE WE IF WE DO NOT END IT?

THE UNFORTUNATE VACATION

WRITTEN BY SOHVI PIHLAJAMÄKI

AT RISE

(A TEACHER and the TEACHER'S WIFE are taking group second graders on a vacation. They are supposed to go somewhere warm but their plans go awry. The left half of the stage is set up as an airport. The teacher, his wife and the children are standing by a rotating luggage line. Next to the teachers and the children there are five carts of luggage ready to be loaded onto the rotating belt. The Teacher and the Teacher's Wife are having a serious conversation)

CINDY

Hello, my name is Cindy; I am in the second grade. Well actually I am at the airport, but either way we have a nice class and a nice teacher, or had at least. Lately our teacher has been a little stressed out.

(Two carts full of luggage crash because PETE and DANNY are playing with them. Danny tries to sneak off away from the fallen luggage but the AIRPORT LADY grabs his arm and takes him to stand next to the Teacher's Wife. Pete remembers he forgot his passport in his suitcase so he climbs on the luggage line and crawls after it when the adults aren't watching)

AIRPORT LADY

(Addressing the Teacher)

The luggage line is not for children sir, just luggage.

TEACHER

Well at least we differ in that way, the luggage line and I. I am here just for the children, and now one of them has gone with the luggage line through that hole.

AIRPORT LADY

(Talking a little irritated now)

Not possible! That line is only for luggage.

TEACHER'S WIFE

Where does the line go to?

AIRPORT LADY

It leads to the luggage terminal where they sort the baggage and separate them so they are sorted into the right planes.

TEACHER

Well how about we forget the whole incident? How much extra would I have to pay you so Pete would be sorted into a plane heading to India?

SUSAN

(Gets cut short by the Teacher)

But we are not going to...

TEACHER

SHH! They don't know that!

TEACHER'S WIFE

(Raises her eyebrows at the Teacher)

Honey, try to behave!

(Airport Lady talking fast into a radio)

AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD

(Walks up to the group frowning)

Is there a problem?

TEACHER

No worries, I have them too.

AIRPORT LADY

They want to send their children as luggage to India.

AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD

(Gives a raised eyebrow to the teacher)

You can't do that, luggage is luggage and people are people.

TEACHER

And security guards are security guards.

AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD

(Looks irritated)

What are you saying?

TEACHER'S WIFE

(Pushes the teacher farther away from the security guard while trying to nicely talk to the guard)

I think there has been a mistake.

(Everyone gets surprised by the shrill sound of a whistle as the AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD uses it)

AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD

(Teacher has climbed on the rotating luggage line as well, and is now sitting on it. The guard tries to stop the teacher by yelling at him but, this is in vein as the line disappears into the hole)

AIRPORT LADY

(Looks extremely annoyed)

For the last one you have to pay overweight fee.

SAM

(Starts crying when the luggage line stops moving right after the security guard went after the teacher)

I knew it! The fun always stops when it's my turn to go!

(Pete comes out holding his passport, followed by the teacher and the security guard. The teacher has a sticker on his forehead that says; Calcutta, India)

PETE

(Smiling and waving his passport around)

I got it! I got it! It was right in the front pocket.

(The left side of the stage dims down and the center/right side of the stage is lit up. The center stage is similar to airport hallway and the entrance of an airplane and the group is running thorough that)

TEACHER'S WIFE

(Sounds out of breath)

What gate?

TEACHER

Gate six!

ADAM

(Scrunches his face and seems surprised)

There is not anyone here!

TEACHER

(Runs into the entrance way to board a plane)

All aboard!

SARAH

(Whispers to CINDY)

Are you sure this is the right way? I thought this gate says Moline.

TEACHER

They're trying to get away from us!

TEACHER'S WIFE

It is just a plane honey... it can't do that.

TEACHER

(He is banging the closed door of the airplane. Then the Teacher takes off his left shoe to make a louder sound)

Well it's not going to happen!

SAM

(Starts crying again)

This is so unfair! Teacher is leaving without us and I still have to go to the bathroom!

SARAH

I don't think they're allowed to leave without us.

CINDY

I want to be somewhere warm already!

PETE

(Looking at a picture of an airplane posted on the wall of the hallway)

I did not know airplanes had windshield wipers.

(The center of the stage dims down and the right side is shown. Everyone is finally sitting in the airplane and the plane is ready to leave)

CAPTAIN OF THE PLANE

(Talking as he is letting them on the plane)

My teacher always told me that persistence should be rewarded even if you don't have any skills.

TEACHER

(Irritated)

And my teacher used to say that if you don't know what to do follow others. But that is not really helping anyone right now is it?

TEACHER'S WIFE

(Stroking the Teacher's arm while trying to get him to sit down)

Honey, try to behave!

TEACHER

(Sticks out his tongue at the CAPTAIN OF THE PLANE)

I did not think so! Ha!

TEACHER'S WIFE

(Turns red and looks embarrassed)

I'm sorry for that Captain. The children greatly appreciate your generosity.

CAPTAIN OF THE PLANE

(Shakes his head in awe and walks away after his line)

Must be the nerves, huh?

(The focus switches to the children who are having a conversation)

RICKY

(Says to Danny)

I feel bad for the teacher... He had his left shoe confiscated.

DANNY

Why?

RICKY

Something about it being evidence against the teacher in case they want to press charges against him for compromising airport security.

DANNY

(Shakes his head sympathetically)

Poor teacher!

SAM

I still have to use the bathroom!

ZACHARY

(Looks sad and a little down)

And I dropped my gummy bears out of the bag!

JENNY

(Holds out a green bag)

Don't worry, I have them in my purse. I picked them up right off the floor.

SUSAN

(Looks sick)

I don't think they're supposed to be mixed with the soda...

JENNY

(Looks into the bag)

Hmm... Maybe not.

SAM

(Doing the little dance with his legs crossed like many children do when they're younger)

I really have to go now guys!

DANNY

(Turns around and points at the bathrooms)

The bathroom is right there Sam! Just go and stop being a sissy! We have important business to talk about soon!

SAM

(Turns around and runs)

I knew it! Everyone always leaves me out!

PETE

(Looks sick)

I think that you should close the bag. I'm gonna be sick.

ZACHARY

(Grasps the paper bag given to the kids feeling ill)

Jenny! Please put the bag away!

JENNY

(Looks over to ZACHARY and nods)

Alright, we will give it to the teacher.

ADAM

(Goes to the TEACHER'S wife looking pale)

I don't feel very good. Jenny had nasty food in her bag and now the whole area around our seats smells.

TEACHER'S WIFE

(Shakes her head and rests it on her palms)

Oh dear...

RANDOM PASSENGER

(Looks angry)

Could you please have your children be quiet?!

TEACHER

(Yelling from the other side of the set, as he is not shown at the moment)

Honey, do you have a problem there?

TEACHER'S WIFE

No sweetheart. Just stay there and try not to get hurt.

TEACHER

Okay.

SAM

(Comes back onto the stage)
The bathroom candy had funky taste.

TEACHER'S WIFE

What candy?

SAM

(Looks confused)

The white flower shaped pieces you gave us before we got here.

TEACHER'S WIFE

Sam those were not candy, it was soap that you could wash your hands with.

SAM

(Starts crying and after talking goes back to his seat)

You're starting too? Just like mommy when she washes my mouth for saying nasty words. I did not even say anything!

TEACHER'S WIFE

This is going to be a long flight to Greece.

(The focus shifts to the Teacher who hurt his back while hitting the door so he can't sit down. He is on his hands and knees at the back of the airplane with two puppies. They are a mix of a golden retriever and husky)

TEACHER

(Talking to the dogs. He has a faraway look in his eyes and he is trying to eat the newspaper because he is hungry and the flight attendants forgot to give him any food)

I will survive through all this with the knowledge that where we are going I don't need shoes. At the island there will be golden beaches and warm sun shining down on us while the waves hit the shore. We can lie on the sand while the warm wind washes over our tanned skins. We can listen to the quiet of the prairie and bark out to the moon with the coyotes.

TEACHER'S WIFE

(Yells from the other class)

Yes sweetheart, it'll be nice.

CAPTAIN OF THE PLANE

(Speaks over the intercom)

We will soon be halfway to Moline.

TEACHER

(Looks around scared)

What? This is not possible! You must turn the plane around right now!

FLIGHT ATENDANT

Sir, I need to ask you to calm down.

TEACHER

(Looks frantically at the dogs and begins crying)
No! No! No! Calm down? Calm down? I don't think so!
(The stage darkens, the curtain falls)



Coach Knows

Always serve the ball in; never just hand the other team points by missing a serve; use a different serve every opportunity you get; serve to a different person every time you get a chance; try to get the ball down on the other team's side of the net; be careful when you hit the ball, there are rules you have to follow; but coach, the referees do not know what they are talking about; this game is not all about being the best, you also have to learn things about yourself in the process; always be aggressive when you are hitting the ball to the other team; make every touch you get on the ball better it for the next person; this is how you will beat the team who will never beat themselves; when you are passing be sure to set your platform; be sure to stop moving by the time the ball gets to you; set your shoulders to the server; set your arms at an angle to your setter; while setting, don't lift the ball, it cannot pause in your hands at all; never let the ball slip through your hands—you will look stupid; never get caught standing on your heals: this is the ready position you need to be in at all times; push the ball all the way to the antenna so the hitters can get kills; when you are hitting always transition quickly; be ready and act as if your getting set every time; try to hit around the block; if you don't see a way to get around the block you can tip to the deep corners, sometimes right in the middle; when you are blocking do not be late—you will not beat the team who will not beat themselves; then isn't it the passers fault if they don't get the ball up?; volleyball is a team sport, do not blame anyone for anything that happens; being a team player is not only a rule in the game of volleyball, but also in the journey of life; always push over the net, you don't want your block to be used; when you block be sure to get a touch on everything you can, this will win you close games; this is how you act when you just won a close game; this is how you act when you lose; this is what you do when the line judge made a terrible call; this is how you act when you make a stupid mistake; this is what you do when you beat a team twenty five to three; this is how you act when the news says you lost a game you won; this is what you do to correct them; this what you have to do to beat the team who will never beat themselves.

Ashley Schabilion

The Beauty of Life

Dallas Puls

For what in the many gardens is there such a beautiful flower?

A girl's heart always has spice from the pain.
To see this guy is full of hatred,
Through the tenderness they had and the frame in his body.

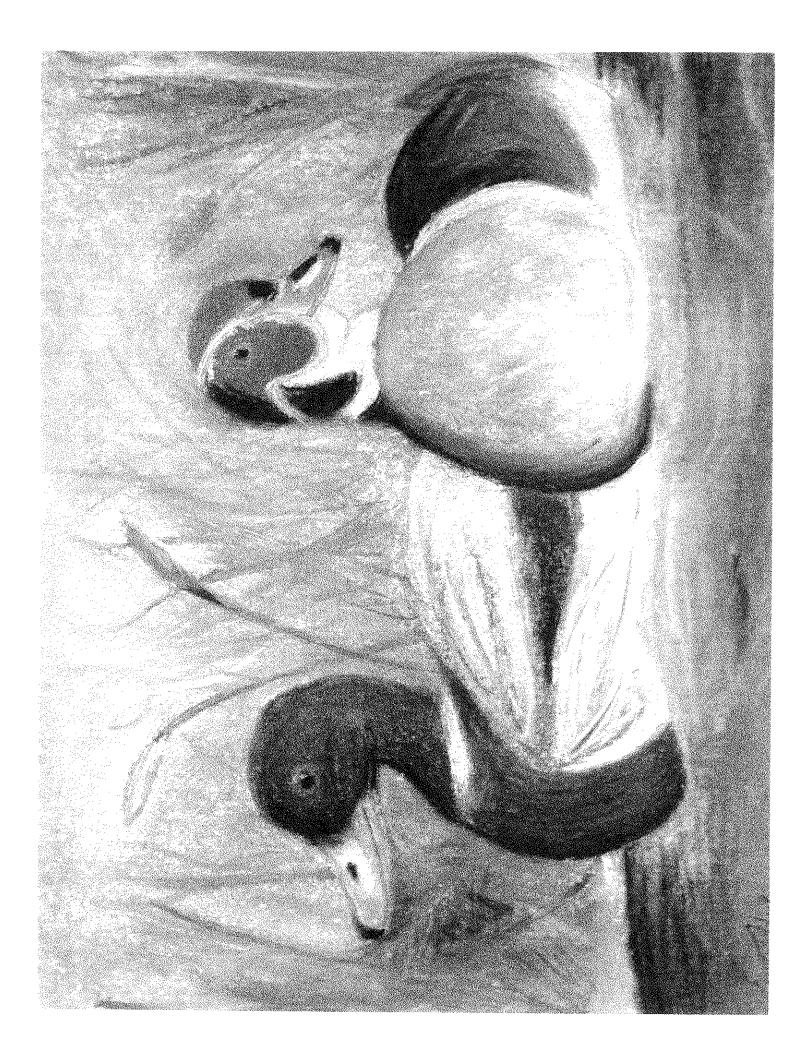
She made a letter to say she couldn't love me!
The boy can't keep a public muscle in his body.
The similarities with this girl are different if you may see.
There was heat, but little light, she had hatred and feared a lot.

Lovers with no sight are counted on to be visionless. With all words while being spoken are like there are not any books.

With the havoc that takes a human being from up above, is better than being coldblooded.

For if I walk out of this body I may shutter.
The dead are free or complete to be missing any memorial,
All the faces and many nights of darkness split everyone
over time.

My life is like death; when unborn, I can be remade.



A gloved hand traces the pattern,
The gloved hand is impersonal, callous.
With industrial precision, it
Draws the instrument back...
Forth.

The living canvas holds, Stock-still, dreading and Welcoming the piercing tool, It awaits completion.

The Image begins to take shape.
Spidering runes dancing, skittering,
Appendages sprout outward,
To salute viewers,
A tip of the hat to
The expressionless creator

The Idea takes shape, Hidden under the ink, It requires special eyes To behold.